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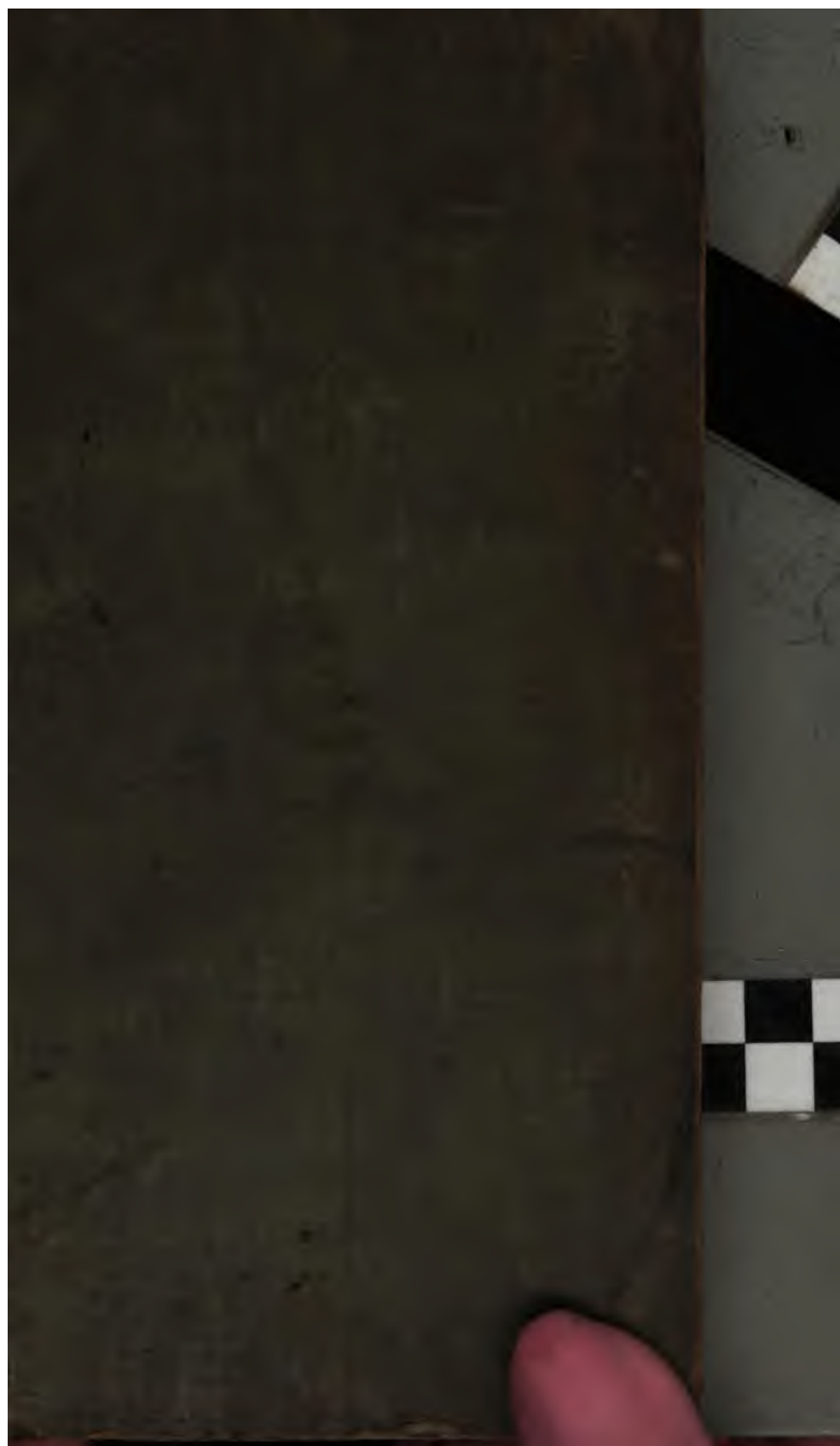
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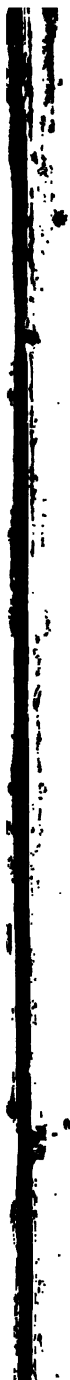
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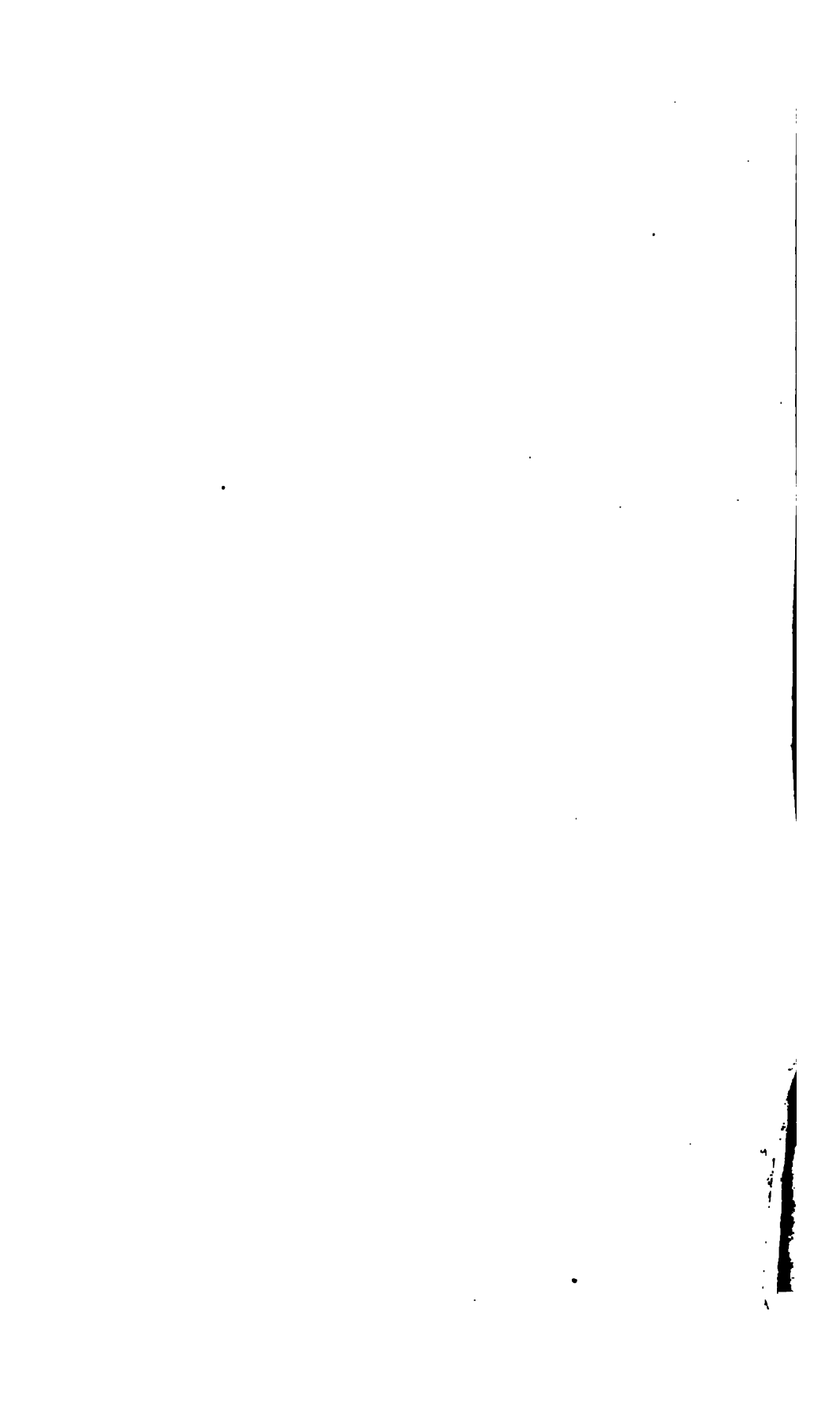


**THE**  
**AVENGED BRIDE.**



**PRINTED BY STUART AND GREGG, BELFAST.**





THE  
**AVENGED BRIDE;**

**TALE OF THE GLENS.**

**IN FOUR CANTOS.**

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE OF THE NORTHERN  
COAST OF THE COUNTY OF ANTRIM.

BY

**ALEXANDER MARKHAM, Esq.**

“ Did'st thou but know what damned injuries,  
What foul, unknightly shame and obloquy,  
His sire—whose name is wormwood to my mouth—  
Did heap upon our house. Did'st thou but know—  
No matter—life is revenge! revenge is life!  
And though we never meet again, when thou  
Shalt hear of the most fearful deed of daring,  
Of the most horrible and bloody tale  
That ever graced a beldame's midnight legend,  
Or froze her gaping listeners, think of me  
And my revenge!”

*Miss Fanny Kemble's Tragedy of Francis the First.*

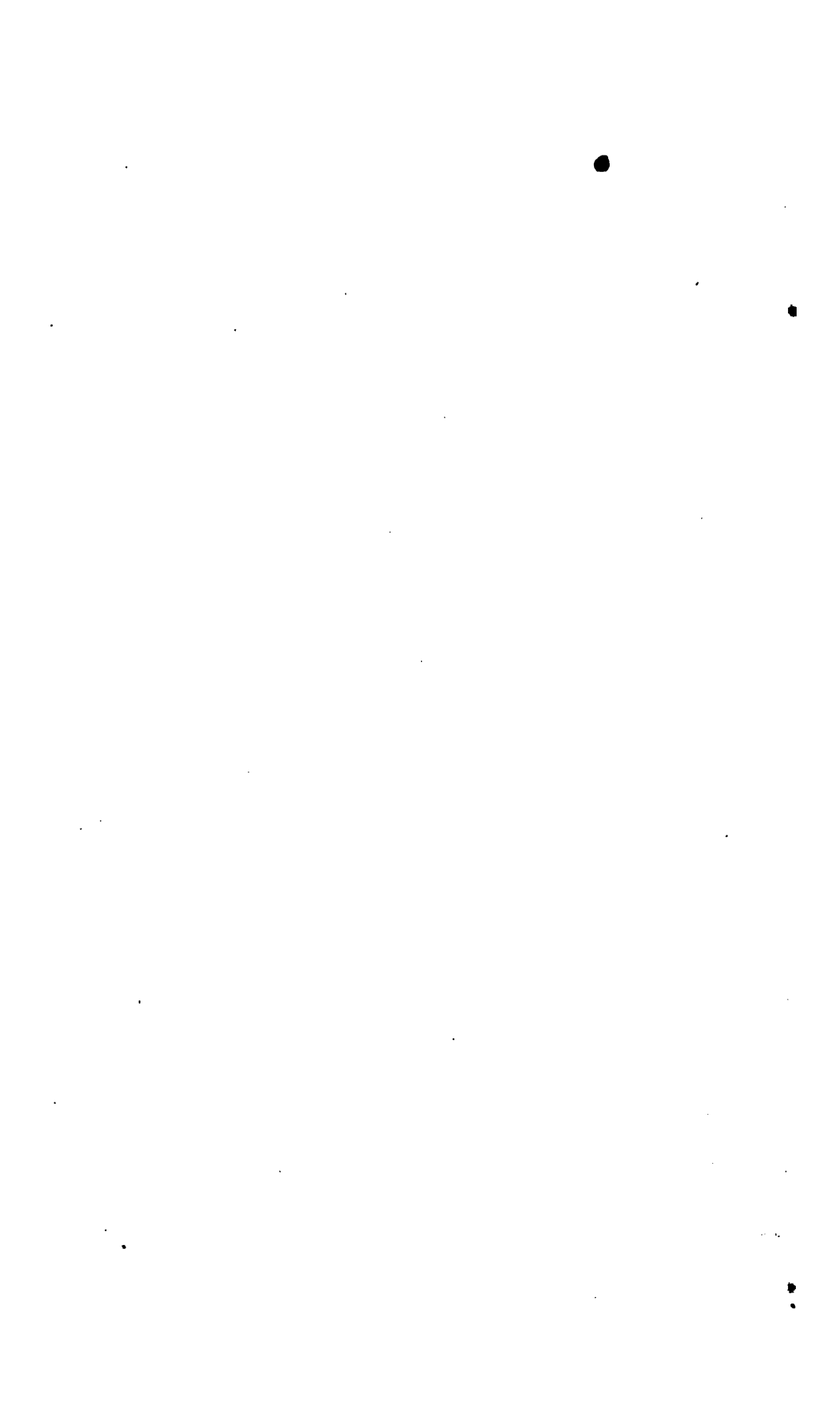
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**MDCCCXXXIII.**



TO  
MAJOR-GENERAL  
THE HONOURABLE JOHN BRUCE RICHARD O'NEILL,  
THE FOLLOWING  
**Poem**  
IS INSCRIBED BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRER HIS CHARACTER,  
EXPERIENCED HIS KINDNESS,  
AND  
VALUED HIS FRIENDSHIP.





## P R E F A C E.

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IN delivering the following Work to the Public, I beg to assure such a portion of it as may honour my pages with a perusal, that I do so with all the diffidence and humility natural to a young author on submitting his first exertions to such an enlightened and august tribunal; and I await its verdict with all that alarm and anxiety that must necessarily attend upon a person placing himself in so perilous a situation.

The many obstacles that an aspirant after fame, and a candidate for public favour in the character of a poet, has to encounter, are as difficult to overcome as the Hydra of Hercules. Having such men just preceding him as Byron, Scott,



Moore, with a host of other lesser, but scarcely inferior bards, who have "sounded all the depths and shoals" of Song, and wandered with uncurbed freedom through the widely extended gardens of Nature, culling at pleasure her choicest fruits and flowers—through whose minds every sentiment of taste, feeling, elegance and refinement, has already abundantly flowed, and, like gold which comes purer from its passage through the fire, rendered doubly beautiful and expressive from passing through the alembic of their brilliant imaginations, it is almost impossible now, in this our day, to make use of any figure, idea, or expression, without in some measure incurring the charge of plagiarism. Nor do I believe the most talented to be entirely free from the charge. Lord Byron himself says, in a note to Galt,\* "As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous; there is nothing new under the Sun." The Royal Preacher was of the same opinion, to whom we are indebted for the

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\* Galt's *Life of Byron*, p. 180, chap. xxviii.

last clause of foregoing quotation.—(See 1st chap. of Ecclesiastes.)

I have, however, taken pains to avoid, as much as possible, borrowing from those who have gone before me, without giving them the only security in my power for the loan—an inverted comma.

In the second Canto, Stanzas IX. X. and XI., where Macquillan is parting with his bride, there seems to be a similarity between his manner and that of Conrad's taking leave of Medora; but though that passage, and, indeed, the whole of the beautiful poem of the Corsair, must remain strongly impressed on the minds of all who read it, the appearance of copying here is merely accidental.

As many of my readers may have never seen the descriptions given by the different eminent men who have written on the Coast of the County of Antrim, I have selected such passages from their works, both to elucidate those parts of my poem to which they appear as notes, and to give in a little compass a just idea of the principal features of this wild and romantic country, which I hope will be found pleasing and instructive.

I have endeavoured, both in point of style, metre, tale, incident, &c., to steer out of the track of those who have gone before me over partly the same ground; and through the intricate windings of those scenes which I have attempted to describe, and which have been familiar to me by many years residence among them, I hope to gain a passage to public favour.

To our talented and kind-hearted countryman, Doctor M'Donnell, of Belfast, I beg leave to offer my sincere thanks, from whom I have received much valuable information, by which I have been enabled to compile the note on the origin of the *Macdonalds*. And I also feel pleasure in acknowledging the obligation I am under to my friend the Reverend Hugh Smith Cumming, to whose good taste and suggestions my poem is indebted for much improvement.

To those gentlemen who have honoured me with their patronage and support, I beg leave to return my most sincere thanks, and to apologize for the time that has elapsed since I first promised them my work; but when I engaged to have it

before the public on the first of January last, I did not contemplate how arduous the task was which I had undertaken, the difficulties I had to contend with, nor the time it would require to gain such information as my subject demanded, before I could bring my labours to a conclusion. I have now accomplished my task, and if the produce of my exertions shall have the good fortune to meet with the approbation of the public, I shall then, indeed, have arrived at the “consummation” so “devoutly to be wished” by every candidate for its favour.

A. M.



## INTRODUCTORY.

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THAT district of the County of Antrim, called the Glens, (or, as it was formerly spelled, Glynnnes,) from the formation of the grounds, according to Dubourdieu, extended from Olderfleet (Larne) to Ballycastle; but what is now known by the name of the Glens, or Low Glens, is embraced between the points of Garron and Turnamona, in which are the entire of the parish of Layde, part of Ardclinus on the South, and Culfeightherin on the North. The parish of Layde, according to the census taken in 1831, contains 4640 inhabitants; and although it is principally a Roman Catholic district, there are upwards of 640 Protestants in the parish, who live on the happiest terms with

their Catholic neighbours, and no display of party feeling ever takes place among them.

The people are of an extremely civil and obliging disposition, and though they possess an air of independence, they are by no means wanting in respect to their superiors; and perhaps in no country could be observed more neatness in personal appearance than they exhibit, particularly the females, in their attendance at their respective places of worship.

Within the above points lie Glenarrieff, Glen Ballyemon, Glenane, and Glendun—all inclining towards the sea in an easterly direction, and through each of which dashes an impetuous mountain torrent. Of these, Glenarrieff is by far the most sublime. It stretches upward from the sea with an almost imperceptible elevation for about three miles, resembling rather a great plain than a glen, with the Lurgeadon chain of mountains on one side, and that of the Garron on the other, whose sloping sides are cultivated to a considerable height—now here, now there enriched with clumps, or, rather, patches of natural wood, chiefly oak, ash, birch, hazel, holly, &c., beautifully inter-

spersed with steep and magnificent waterfalls, and crowned with a majestic barrier of rude basalt, to whose splendid and varied outlines the pencil alone is capable of doing justice. Above this, the glen begins suddenly to get narrow, and the river precipitous; the banks rising almost perpendicularly to an immense height, and where almost every tree, shrub, and plant indigenous to our country, may be seen flourishing luxuriantly in all their native wildness.

A number of brazen swords, and spear-heads of the same metal, have at different times been found by workmen in breaking up pieces of boggy ground in this glen, which bear strong evidence of the bloody scenes that must have been transacted here in remote ages.

Glendun comes next in point of beauty and magnitude; differing widely in its features from Glenarriff, it stretches from the sea at Cushendun to the mountain of Aura. Its river, which rises at the foot of Throstan, is a very considerable one, and, like Glenarriff, abounds with trout and salmon; its bed is rocky, but not precipitous,



winding beautifully through the glen, and its banks are richly studded in spots with the remnants of our native forests, in some places running nearly to the tops of the mountains. A good road has lately been opened through the glen to the interior of the country, which renders it a most delightful drive.

There is nothing very remarkable or interesting in either of the other two glens, except in Ballyemon, in the townland of Barrard, the property of the Reverend Alexander Macaulay, where there is a romantic waterfall at the extremity of the glen; the lime-stone bed of the river close to the fall is caverned in an extraordinary manner from the force of the water, the rock forming a natural arch over the river for several yards, wild and beautiful in the extreme. In its bank there is a cave, the entrance to which is immediately over one of its most fearful precipices, answering in almost every point of view to Sir Walter Scott's description of the one which formed the last retreat of the bigotted and unfortunate Balfour of Burley.

The village of Cushendall is beautifully situated

in the mouth of a glen, about twenty feet above the level of the sea, and let the traveller approach what way he will, can scarcely be seen until it appears almost under his feet. It formerly belonged to the late Alexander Macaulay, Esq., of Glenville, who sold it to Archibald Richardson, Esq., afterwards Surgeon-General, whose son changed its name to Newtown Glens. It was purchased from him by Francis Turnley, Esq., its present worthy proprietor, to whom it is indebted for all its late improvements. Mr. Turnley, on his getting possession of the place, immediately, and I think with good taste, changed it back to its original name. All Irish names of places have their origin in their own localities; and if trouble will be taken to inquire, the origin of the name of any particular place will, in almost all instances, be found: it is, therefore, a great pity that the ancient Irish names of places should be changed to suit the taste or whim of a new proprietor.

The following derivation will show the origin of *Cushendall*. The literal meaning of the word *Cushendall*, is the "*Foot of the Branching River,*"

derived from *Cos* or *Cosh*, the foot; *Oan*, a river; and *Dal*, to branch. It was also in ancient times called *Bonoandalla*, from *Bon*, which signifies the foot; *Oan*, a river; and *Dal*, to branch.—(For the meaning of these words, see Vallancey's Dictionary of the Ancient Irish, p. 59; Preface.) Now those who will take the trouble of examining the localities of Cushendall, will find, that a little above the village many branchings shoot out as it were from the main stem, viz., the Ballyemon, the Clough, and the Glenane rivers, with a number of minor streams, of all which the Cushendall one is the foot, where they all unite before they reach the sea.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the drive from Glenarm to Cushendall, but particularly from Drumnasole, where Mr. Turnley has built a splendid mansion-house, and planted the mountain at the rear of it to the very top. The whole of the Scotch coast, almost from Portpatrick to the Runs of Islay, with its magnificent ranges of mountains in the back-ground—the beautiful mountain of Nappen, (the seat of Major Higginson,) planted

by the hand of Nature to its very summit—and the bold promontory of Garron Point, with its beautifully diversified and serrated outline, projecting into the sea on its limestone base—form a picture at once strikingly imposing, and, if equalled, scarcely to be exceeded in grandeur, magnificence and variety.

After passing the Point of Garron, the romantic vale of Glenarriff already alluded to, the grand and picturesque mountain of Lurgeadon, with its porphyry base, limestone girth, and dark basaltic head rising 1200, and the sharply-peaked Tievboulia 1600 feet in height, burst on the view; and as the traveller approaches Cushendall, gigantic Throstan is seen in the distance, at the elevation of 1810 feet above the level of the sea, overtopping them all in sullen majesty. This last mentioned mountain, the property of the Reverend Alexander Macaulay, is rendered remarkable from the circumstance of its being not only the highest mountain in this country, but the highest basaltic one in Ireland. The view from its top, of a clear day is very extensive; some of the most distant

mountains in Scotland have been discerned from it. Lough Neagh, the steeple of Lurgan Church, and the tower on the point of Magilligan, are also seen from this enormous pile.

I have attempted the foregoing description, in hopes to induce the lovers of romantic scenery, who pass along the coast to view the Giant's Causeway and its neighbourhood, without knowing that there is any thing here worthy of their attention, to stop at least a day to visit the beauties of the Glens, which will be found to reward them amply for their delay. And they have also the inducement in Cushendall of one of the nicest and best hotels in any county town in Ireland provided for their accommodation, by its proprietor, the already mentioned Mr. Turnley.

I have founded the principal part of the following tale chiefly upon a manuscript still in the possession of the M'Donnells, (indeed, ~~it~~ was the only just claim I could give my hero at all to Dunluce,) which has, however, been already published in "Hamilton's Antrim;" but as many of my readers may never have had an opportunity

of seeing that excellent work, I think it will not be uninteresting to them to have it transcribed here :—

“ About the year 1580, Coll M'Donald came with a parcel of men from Cantire to Ireland, to assist Tyrconnell against the Great O'Neal, with whom he was then at war.

“ In passing through the Root\* of the County of Antrim, he was civilly received, and hospitably entertained by M'Quillan, who was then lord and master of the Root.

“ At that time there was a war between M'Quillan and the men beyond the river Bann, for the custom of this people was to rob from every one, and the strongest party carried it, be it right or wrong.

“ On the day when Coll M'Donald was taking his departure to proceed on his journey to Tyr-

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\* A term by which the North-west part of the County of Antrim is always denominated.

connell, M'Quillan, who was not equal in war to his savage neighbours, called together his militia, or gallogloghs, to revenge his affronts over the Bann; and M'Donald, thinking it uncivil not to offer his service that day to M'Quillan, after having been so kindly treated, sent one of his gentlemen with an offer of his service in the field.

"M'Quillan was right well pleased with the offer, and declared it to be a perpetual obligation on him and his posterity. So M'Quillan and the Highlanders went against the enemy, and, where there was a cow taken from M'Quillan's people before, there were two restored back; after which M'Quillan and Coll M'Donald returned back with great prey, and without the loss of a man.

"Winter then drawing nigh, M'Quillan gave Coll M'Donald an invitation to stay with him at his castle, advising him to settle himself until Spring, and to quarter his men up and down the Root. This Coll M'Donald gladly accepted; and, in the mean time, seduced M'Quillan's daughter, and privately married her—on which ground the

Scots afterwards founded their claims to M'Quillan's territories.

“ The men were quartered two and two through the Root, that is to say, one of M'Quillan's gallogloghs and a Highlander in every tenant's house.

“ It so happened that the galloglogh, according to custom, besides his ordinary, was entitled to a meather,\* of milk, as a privilege. This the Highlanders esteemed a great affront; and at last one of them asked his landlord—‘ Why do you not give me milk, as you do the other ? ’ The galloglogh immediately made answer—‘ Would you, a Highland beggar as you are, compare yourself to me, or any of M'Quillan's gallogloghs ? ’ The poor honest tenant, (who was heartily weary of them both,) said, ‘ Pray, gentlemen, I'll open the two doors, and you may go and fight it out in the fair fields, and he that has the victory, let him take

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\* A vessel commonly used by the Irish, formed out of a solid piece of wood of a triangular shape.



milk and all to himself.' The combat ended in the death of the galloglogh; after which, the Highlander came in again and dined heartily.

“ M'Quillan's gallogloghs immediately assembled to demand satisfaction; and in a council which was held, where the conduct of the Scots was debated, their great and dangerous power, and the disgrace arising from the seduction of M'Quillan's daughter, it was agreed that each galloglogh should kill his comrade Highlander by night, and their lord and master with them; but Coll M'Donald's wife discovered the plot, and told it to her husband—so the Highlanders fled in the night time, and escaped to the island of Raghery.

“ From this beginning the M'Donalds and M'Quillans entered on a war, and continued to worry each other for half a century, till the English power became so superior in Ireland, that both parties made an appeal to James the First, who had just then ascended the throne of England. James had a predilection for his Scotch countryman, the M'Donald, to whom he made over by

patent four great baronies, including, along with other lands, all poor M'Quillan's possessions."

Instead of making Macdonald and his wife fly to Raghery, according to the manuscript, I send them into the Glens; I am sure I do not know for what purpose, except to gain the friendship of Macaulay, who was a powerful chief there at that time, and who afterwards assisted the Macdonalds at the battle of Aura. I have substituted the routing of the Scots at their landing, for the battle at Lough Lynch, where the Macquillans were victorious, and from whence the Macdonalds fled in disorder towards the head of Glenshesk, previous to the battle of Aura.

The idea of the siege at Dunluce is founded on the circumstance of Sir John Perrot,\* then

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\* A curious document happened to fall into my hands a few days ago, showing who this Sir John Perrot was; and as it may be interesting to my readers, I shall quote it here:—

"Sir John Perrot fought the first boxing match upon record, in Southwark, when he beat two of the king's yeomen of the guards, an

Lord Deputy of Ireland, having, in the year 1584, laid siege to and reduced Dunluce castle.

The following extract from the government of Ireland, under Sir John Perrot, will serve to show the manner in which it was taken by him from the Macdonalds :—

“ In the mean time himself, with the rest of his force, besieged the strong castle of Dunluce. Here was at this time a strong ward, commanded by a Scottish Captaine, who being summoned to deliver

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action which brought him into public notice at that time. He was the supposed son of King Henry the Eighth, by Mary, wife to Thomas Perrot, Esq., of Haroldstone, in the County of Pembroke. In his stature and high spirit, he bore a strong resemblance to that monarch. At the beginning of the reign of Mary, he was sent to prison for harbouring Protestants; but by the interference of friends he was discharged. He assisted at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, who sent him to Ireland as Lord President of Munster, where he grew very unpopular by reason of his haughty conduct; he was recalled, unjustly accused, and condemned of treason. In 1592, he was tried by a special commission, brought in guilty of high treason, and sentenced to die. He was, however, respited by favour of the Queen, but died of a broken heart in the Tower.”—(Doings in London, p. 195.)

vp the castle to the Queene, resolutely refused, protesting to defend it to the last man. Whereupon the Deputy, hoping the terrour of the cannon might dismay the ward, (for other hope hee had not to win so strong a place,) drew his forces nearer, and planted his artillery, (being two culverins and two sakers,) for battery. This ordnance was brought by sea from Dublin to Skerreys, (Portrushe,) and thence, being two miles, was drawn by men's hands (through want of other means) to this place. The ward of the castle played thick with their small shot upon the soldiers that made the approach, much to the discouragement of the workmen, and impeachment of the worke, being within musket shot. The Deputy seeing the soldiers shrink, commanded some of his own servants to supply the places of them that were fearful, to fill the gabions, and make good the ground; himself encouraging both them and the rest, by giving not only his presence but his hand to the worke, by which means the ordnance was planted, and the trenches made. This being done, the Lord Deputy himself gave fire to the

first piece of ordnance, and discharged it, which did little annoy the castle or the ward therein, but within a little time the pile began to shake through continuance, and the discharging at once of the artillery. Then the courage of the ward (unused to the defence of such places) began to quail, inasmuch as the next morning a parley is demanded, and conditions propounded; leave to depart with baggage and baggage is by the Deputy granted, as well to take time while the feare lasted, to prevent such resolution as despaire, and a better consideration of the strength of the place might yield them, as to save the charge of re-edifying the castle, which he intended to keepe for the Queene, being a place of no small importance."

The Macdonalds, however, soon got possession again of Dunluce, through the treachery of the governor, which is recorded in the following manner in the Life of Sir John Perrot:—

"Withal there happening an accident of the loss of Dunluce, (which the Deputy had now, and placed a ward therein,) he advertised the same unto the privy council after this manner. When

he first took that pile, he placed a pensioner, called Peter Cary, to be constable of it, with a ward of fourteen soldiers, thinking him to be of the English pale, or race, but afterwards found that he was of the Carews of the North. This constable, reposing trust in those of his country and kindred, had gotten some of them unto him, and discharged the English soldiers, unknown to the Deputy: two of these having confederated with the enemy, drew up fifty of them by night, with ropes made of withies. Having surprised the castle, they assaulted a little tower wherein the constable was, and a few with them. They at first offered them life, and to put them in any place they would desire, (for so had the traitors conditioned with them before,) but the constable, willing to pay the price of his folly, chose rather to forego his life in a very manly sort, than to yield unto any such conditions, and was slain."

"This transaction happened about the year 1585. But the Deputy sending against him Meriman, an experienced officer, who slew here the two sons of James M'Connell, (M'Donnell,) and

Sorley Buoy's son Alexander, so harassed him, and drove off his cattle, which were his only wealth, (he having 50,000 cows of his own,) Sorley Buoy surrendered Dunluce, went to Dublin, and in the cathedral made his submission. After this, being received into favour, he abjured all allegiance to foreign princes, and, by Elizabeth's bounty, had four districts given him, called toughs, viz., from the river Bush to Ban Dunseverig, Loughhill (Loughguill) and Ballymonyn, with the government of Dunluce castle, for himself and heirs male of his body, to hold of the kings of England," &c.

There is an anecdote told of Sorley Buoy, which will serve in some measure to show the turbulent spirit of the times. When the letters patent from England, confirming his title to his estates, arrived at Dunluce, he ordered a large fire to be kindled, and drawing his sword, cut the parchment in pieces, which he flung into the fire, exclaiming at the same time, "That the lands which he had won by the sword, should never be held by a sheepskin!"

Some of the connexions of the M'Donnells say, that the son, or grandson of the man who won Dunluce, was afterwards beaten out of it by a more powerful branch of the same family; and that the former retired to Glenarrieff, where he took up his final residence, and where some of his descendants still reside. I have selected his son as my hero in the fourth canto of my poem, who, as I have been informed, held a commission under King William, in the Earl of Antrim's regiment, which he quitted for the purpose of joining James's standard, and remained a while under his father's roof, until an opportunity offered for his doing so without being detected. Thither, as I am informed, Kirke pursued him with his soldiers, who ravaged the glen, and destroyed the dwelling of the M'Donnells. Upon this tradition I ground the winding up of my tale—the bloody scenes described in the fourth canto—and of giving Macquillan's bride, who is entirely a creation of my own, an opportunity, after a lapse of one hundred years, of filling up the measure of her revenge. I have endeavoured to make her, on her first introduction to my readers,



as amiable as a young bride should be; and I trust her sudden transition from gentleness to absolute ferocity, and her insatiate thirst for revenge, will not be considered out of character. I also hope it will not be supposed that I am stepping beyond the possibility of Nature, in making Adelia survive from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of William the Third, which, according to the manuscript already mentioned, that brings the first of the *Macdonalds* to Dunluce in 1580, would not be more than a period of one hundred years.

## **CANTO I.**



# THE AVENGED BRIDE.

## CANTO I.

### I.

ERIN ! thy sons can sing of other climes,

And walk, with triumph, over classic ground—

And chaunt their lays, in soft and liquid rhymes,

Charming the sense with harmony of sound ;

Unmindful all of home and olden times—

The loves, the strifes within thy annals found—

As if our native Isle no themes afford,

Nor sons possess, with hearts to strike the chord.

## II.

Sad and forsaken hangs thy sacred lyre !

Hast thou not beauties ? Are thy bards grown old ?

Is the last spark of Minstrelsy's bright fire

Quench'd in their bosoms, and their hearts wax'd cold ?

Thy virtues vanish'd—nought left to admire—

Thy glories gone by “ Like a tale that's told ” ?

Will no bold hand the dust shake from the string,

And o'er its chords the soul of music fling ?

## III.

Where art thou, MOORE ?—From slumbering awake !

And take the harp, that, mould'ring, long had hung

In chains and darkness, 'till thou dared to break

The links that bound it, and around it flung

A brightness—that Oblivion's dusky lake,

From whose Lethean shade its chords thou'st wrung,

Can never hide—nor slavery, grief, nor pains,

Blot from the mind its heart-reviving strains.

## IV.

Oh ! take thy native harp once more, and sing  
Thy country's songs, to Erin ever dear ;  
Again a balm for the afflicted bring,  
And for the wretched draw forth pity's tear !  
Their sorrows chase, and brightness o'er them fling—  
Let peace and love unite to cast out fear—  
Send slaves and tyrants to the Stygian lake—  
“ Ring the alarum bell ! awake, awake” !

## V.

But should'st thou, MOORE, once more to sing refuse,  
And leave the glory to some other bard ;  
Oh drop on me the mantle of thy muse !  
The thing I ask, I know is somewhat hard—  
A portion of thy spirit here infuse ;  
Perhaps you think 'twere better all to guard,  
And feel 'twould be the worst of all abuses,  
To “ keep a *corner*” there “ for others uses.”

## VI.

Had I thy muse, Oh MOORE ! to be my guide  
Through the dread labyrinths of Pierian ground ;  
I nought need fear, while she was by my side,  
Though Harpies grinn'd, and Gorgons stood around :  
To chaunt where lovers sung, or heroes died,  
And states expiring through the victim's wound ;  
Or soar aloft on Pegasean wing,  
And drink with freedom at the Muses' spring.

## VII.

Without such aid, perchance, if it were given  
To me to wander through Elysian flowers,  
Like our first parents, I might forth be driven—  
Shut out from Eden and its heavenly bowers  
For having erred presumptuously, and striven  
To grasp at fruit so far beyond my powers ;  
And, doomed their heavy punishment to bear,  
That bitter thought of never entering there.

## VIII.

Besides, I have to cope with mighty foes ;

Mad, heartless critics, (a dread host,) with all  
Their sharp artillery, may me oppose—

And hunt me down, as sharks would hunt a grawl :<sup>1</sup>  
Yet, 'though e'en thus opposed, I'll write—here goes,

And fight it out, no matter what befall ;  
And, like Macbeth, with powerful foes beset,  
I'll “ on my armour,” and “ I'll try it yet.”

## IX.

And, though I know I cannot sing my lays,

“ In liquid lines, mellifluously bland ;”

Nor lay my claims to laurel or to bays—

To gain such wreaths requires an abler hand—  
But if my muse will guide me through the maze,

That must be trod to reach Pierian land ;  
I yet, a young aspirant after fame,  
May gain the guerdon of a poet's name.



## X.

Assist me, gentle Muse, to hold my bridle,

While I my own blue mountains do ascend,  
And sing of "antres vast, and deserts idle,"

Of "rocks and hills, whose heads with heaven" blend;  
And if that I my Pegasus should ride ill,

Oh help me both my hand and seat to mend!  
And bear me safe o'er fosse, and tower, and wall,  
By rock and headland, cliff and waterfall.

## XI.

Who that has heard of Antrim's iron shore?—

Her bays, her rivers, and her mountains steep—  
And would not wish her wonders to explore,

And see her bastions rising from the deep—  
Awfully majestic—rich in classic lore,

Where Nature seems her "vasty" hoards to keep;  
And gaze with rapture on each colonnade,  
Basaltic pavement, headland and façade?

## XII.

Antrim ! thy shores, in former days, have been,  
From Oldfleet Castle,<sup>2</sup> down to dark Dunluce,  
Of havoc, blood and death, the constant scene,  
Before, and since the days of Edward Bruce;  
A crimson deluge floated o'er thy green,  
So often were the "dogs of war" let loose—  
Here Dane and Scot, and fierce Hibernian bled,  
And mimic mountains<sup>5</sup> still point out the dead ?

## XIII.

Not Thrasemene's once ensanguined plain—  
Thermopylæ—Pultowa—or Peru ;  
Nor all the fields of Portugal or Spain,  
Where France's soaring eagle proudly flew,  
And England's lion shook his fearful mane—  
Can boast more blood : not even Waterloo,  
That saddest, direst of all fields of slaughter,  
Than this famed "habitation on the water."<sup>1</sup>

## XIV.

These are my themes—of these I fain would sing,  
If thou, Oh heavenly Goddess ! would'st inspire ;  
And while my trembling fingers touch the string,  
And wander truant o'er thy sacred lyre,  
A witching power over its waked notes fling,  
And touch its chords with rays of heavenly fire ;  
Hear, gentle Goddess ! this my humble prayer—  
And take thy votary to thy special care.

## XV.

Of Antrim's thousand castellated piles,  
That frowned with terror o'er her fertile land,  
And raised their battlements in dark defiles,  
And stretched their line along th' indented strand—  
To check the warring chieftains of the Isles,  
Who sought our shores with banner and with brand ;  
The shattered relics of the few we've seen,  
Can scarcely point out what they once have been.

## XVI.

But out of all these ruins, one remains—

A lonely victor over year and age;

And still the marks of splendour it retains,

Though shook by tempest's wrath, and battle's rage:

In crumbling atoms lie its shiver'd fanes—

Nought can withstand the war that Time doth wage—

'Tis slow, but sure; all bend beneath his power,

And he'll destroy, till he, himself, devour.

## XVII.

Yet still he's left enough behind, I've said,

Of proud DUNLUCE, to mark what he has done;

And though its former grandeur long has fled,

Its halls dismantled, and its domes o'erthrown;

Its massive portals round in ruin spread,

Buried in ocean many a column stone—

This wreck of greatness, rais'd by unknown hands,

Shall long remain the wonder of all lands.

## XVIII.

But pause within these desolated walls,  
Th' alternate seat of many a rival chief,  
Who ruled triumphant in these princely halls,  
With power extensive, as with tenure brief;  
For though the Sun may shine, the evening falls,  
And morning's smiles ere night be turn'd to grief—  
In those rude days, when might establish'd right,  
Now vanquishing, now vanquish'd in the fight.

## XIX.

Here mailed warriors shone in bright array—  
Here noble guests the social board throng'd round;  
Here Erin's daughters, lovely as the day,  
With belted knights join'd in the mazy round:  
Here peal'd, in high wrought strains of grave and gay,  
The heaven-taught minstrel's heart-reviving sound,  
But all have glided down on Time's dark stream,  
And pass'd from the earth like a fleeting dream.

## XX.

Upon thy storm-beat turrets, perch'd on high,

The owl has now usurp'd the warder's post ;

The loud and swelling burst of minstrelsy—

The laugh, the dance, the glee, the festive toast,  
Are echoed faintly by the night-wind's sigh—

Thy storied walls their tapestry long have lost,  
And moss and sea-pink in its place have grown,  
And yet thou'rt strange, grand, solemn, and alone.

## XXI.

But while this mouldering structure we survey,

A gleaning of its origin to gain,

Obscurity, companion of our way,

Frustrates our efforts—in its annals chain

The links are broken—then, like men at sea,

Who've lost their compass, all our toil is vain :

For nought but dusky speculations rise,

And doubtful guessing History's place supplies.

## XXI.

Then, as we can't begin at the beginning  
Of thee, Dunluce, and run through all thy days;  
We must, although Lord Byron calls it sinning,  
Be glad to take thee up in "*media's res*:"  
And much to peasant's tales our faith be pinning,  
The best resource when History misses stays—  
But most occurred of what I now shall sing,  
When Bess was queen, and the Third William, king.

## XXIII.

The wrongs and sufferings of fair Scotia's queen,  
That, like an earthquake, shook her native land,  
Were all forgot, as if they had not been—  
At least, the fire which rous'd each heart and hand  
By its own ardour, had consum'd its spleen—  
And, for a while, Peace sheath'd the passive brand:  
Return'd in anguish home each Highland chief,  
The first to feel, the last to quench their grief.

## XXIV.

The neighbouring chieftains, too, had ceas'd to try  
For mastery with the Western Islands' lords;  
They saw, in fact, 'twas useless more to vie  
With men who held, by their unconquer'd swords,  
The numerous Isles, from Islay round to Skye,<sup>6</sup>  
From time unknown, as History records;  
And the Macdonalds victors long remain'd,  
And held by might the land their valour gain'd.

## XXV.

One youth there was, of this once powerful clan,  
Whose arm was felt already in the fight—  
Who oft triumphant led in danger's van,  
And taught his foes how fearful was his might;  
For ever first the dangerous pass to man,  
The last to seek for safety in the flight—  
Quick to provoke, slow to forgive a blow,  
Or quit the field while yet remain'd a foe.



## XXVI.

Train'd from his youth to danger, war and toil,  
To lead the foray with the mountaineer—  
Inur'd to action, bustle and turmoil,  
He ill these “piping times of peace” could bear,  
And dream'd of harvests, from whose golden spoil  
He yet might reap th' advantage of his care;  
Nor could th' exhilarating joys of chase,  
Those visions from Macdonald's mind efface.

## XXVII.

His grandsire lov'd, and, with affection, smil'd,  
And boasted of the laurels he had won;  
But still he felt he was a lonely child,  
The lonely orphan of a younger son:  
He knew for him, alas, no boards were pil'd,  
For which his father bled, or he had won;  
But still he hoped there yet would come a day,  
His sword to fortune would carve out a way.

## XXVIII.

“ When things are at the worst they sometimes mend,”

It has been said, and I believe it true ;

I’ve found my own affairs in that way tend,

Although I ne’er replac’d old friends with new :

Macdonald little thought how near an end

That peace (to him no pleasure) hourly grew,

For while his plans revolv’d within his breast,

The anxious mother thus her son address’d :—

## XXIX.

“ I’ve mark’d, my son, the anguish of thy mind,

Thy wonted spirits’ buoyancy decline—

A longer silence now would be unkind,

So cheer, brave youth, you must no longer pine ;

Seek Ireland’s shores, there rich domains you’ll find,

With Noble mansion, which should all be thine !

Seek proud Dunluce, on Dalrieda’s’ coast,

Thine own by right, though long it hath been lost !

## XXX.

“ My father once those princely halls possess’d,  
When first thy sire came to our native land,  
And there remain’d, a long and welcome guest ;  
He own’d his passion, woo’d, and won my hand—  
An only child, endear’d, belov’d, caress’d—  
A priest, in private, tied the Gordian band :  
We hop’d my parent’s pardon to have gain’d,  
But envy, deep, our spotless loves had stain’d.

## XXXI.

“ A spurious kinsman, mov’d to deadly hate,  
By disappointment, jealousy, and rage,  
Who sought my hand to gain my sire’s estate,  
Had vow’d revenge—nought could his wrath assuage,  
Until his hellish vengeance was complete ;  
False in his youth, and falser in his age,  
He plann’d one night my lord should murder’d be—  
We learn’d the plot, and fled his treachery.

## XXXII.

“ In trembling haste we left my father’s hall,  
Far in the Glens to seek a safe retreat;  
And, under cover of night’s dusky pall,  
Without a friend to guide our stumbling feet,  
We made our way unseen, unheard by all,  
And Valla’s <sup>8</sup> towers by morning’s dawn did greet;  
Whose worthy master, brave and good Sir Hugh,  
The balm of kindness o’er our green wounds threw.

## XXXIII.

“ He heard our tale—his indignation rose—  
He pledged his word to aid us with his band,  
And swore *our* enemies should be *his* foes,  
While he had life, and could command a hand;  
And should our cause be ever tried by blows,  
He to the last our trusty friend would stand—  
And when we bid adieu, he said again,  
‘ Macaulay’s word was never pledged in vain.’

## XXXIV.

“ My honour’d father’s debt to Nature’s paid—

    The wise, the good, the generous, and the brave—

And all his honours are for ever laid,

    Where all must be, within a narrow grave ;

And false Macquillan lords it in his stead,

    But not Dunluce the guilty wretch can save,

When, with Macaulay’s clans yours join in fight,

And in Truth’s cause with heart and hand unite.”

## XXXV.

He heard astonish’d, and without reply,

    And oft his changing colour came and went—

And kindling rage, in his prophetic eye,

    The fearful workings of his spirit sent

Along his deep-mark’d features’ swarthy die,

    In dread foretellings of his dire intent ;

He smote his brow, and then with ardour said—

“ Thy wrongs, my mother, yet shall be repaid !

## XXXVI.

“ Ho, Ranald ! with the lightning’s swiftmess fly,  
And tell the clans Macdonald to prepare—  
And bid the leading warriors of Skye  
With utmost haste unto their chief repair;  
Much must be done ere night, and it draws nigh—  
Throughout the Isles a herald send with care—  
And when on Torr the warning fire they’ll see, <sup>9</sup>  
In Islay muster, and then follow me.” <sup>10</sup>

## XXXVII.

Quick was each order given, and obey’d—  
For, “ always ready” at their master’s call,  
The chiefs of Skye no farther question staid,  
But met in conclave in their leader’s hall.  
Brief was his tale—they heard and pledged their aid,  
To stand fast by him, whether rise or fall—  
“ I go alone,” he said, “ Nay, it must be,  
Cheer you the clans—prepare and follow me.

## XXXVIII.

“ Speed to the shore ! and, hark thee, Donald, hark—

See all things ready with despatch and care ;

Await my coming in my own light bark—

Nay, look not sad, for hope prevents despair,

Unfurl her sails, and trim her ere 'tis dark—

Let a boat wait, the breeze is fresh and fair—

This night I'll sail, and in Glenarriff's bay,<sup>11</sup>

On Ireland's coast, I'll anchor ere it's day !”

## XXXIX.

Such, lovely Erin ! ever was thy fate,

To strange adventurers a common prey ;

The overflowings of each o'ercloy'd state

To thee, my country, made a beaten way :

Oft hast thou bow'd 'neath each marauder's weight—

The Picts, the Scots, the Danes alternate sway

Have wrung thy bosom, and you've writh'd in pain,

'Till Freedom rush'd to arms, and burst the chain.

## XL.

Mighty and many were thy giant foes,  
That, Hydra-like, assail'd thee every year—  
Scarce one was vanquish'd, 'till another rose,  
And show'd a head of tenfold deadly fear,  
Which scarce thy sons' *Herculean* force could pose,  
Or check the ragings of his dread career,  
Though first in eloquence's war they stood,  
And in the field unconquer'd—unsubdu'd.

## XLI.

But yet thy deepest, deadliest foe of all,  
That from thy breast such bitter drops have wrung;  
That curb'd thy freedom, brought thee into thrall  
And chains, and sadness all around thee flung;  
That work'd, and still are working for thy fall,  
And, like tarantulas, thy soul have stung,  
Are thine own sons—But who a balm shall bring,  
To draw the venom from their deadly sting?



## XLII.

Alas, my country ! once the proud and free,  
When forth, cemented with a brother's band,  
Thy warlike sons stood in defence of thee,  
Their common mother—link'd with heart and hand ;  
A victim now to vice and treachery,  
With discord stalking through th' affrighted land,  
And fell dissension riding on the blast,  
Like the Simoom, that wither'd as it pass'd.

## XLIII.

Oh ! that a gleam of Hope's prophetic ray  
Would light our souls with one bright spark of fire,  
To look, though distant, to a coming day,  
When each gorg'd vampire would at last expire,  
Which on thy heart's pure streams for ever prey ;  
That from the ashes of their funeral pyre,  
Like the expiring bird of Araby,  
A nation yet might rise, great, glorious, and free !

## XLIV.

But I digress—so turn we to our tale—

Macdonald never for a moment deem'd

The slightest chance of his designs to fail,

To him the cruise no more than pleasure seem'd ;

His bark was good, and, with a favouring gale,

Nor aught of risk or danger once he dream'd,

To dull the few short hours of parting cheer,

Or damp the ardour of his bright career.

## XLV.

Far in the West now slowly sinks the Sun,

At whose bright rising nought our hero knew

Of what should happen ere his course was done,

And all to him so foreign, strange and new,

He deem'd his life had only just begun ;

Brief was his knowledge—briefer his adieu—

And now, the tardy hours of stay expir'd,

Flash'd his dark eye, and Hope his bosom fired.

## XLVI.

His faithful chiefs attend him to the shore,  
And with affection there each hand he wrung,  
Who all renew the pledge they gave before,  
And then with lightness to his boat he sprung;  
Bends to the stroke the ready pliant oar,  
And round the spray in pearly brightness flung,  
Swift from the beach o'er foam and surf they ride,  
And soon they mount the vessel's heaving side.

## XLVII.

The hands are ready, at their master's call  
They set the mainsail, fast the halyards made—  
The straining cable needs the aid of all,  
The vessel swings, the anchor's quickly weigh'd;  
The jib and foresail halyards taut they haul,  
Shake out the reefs, and ev'ry brace belay'd—  
Around her prow the foaming waters rise,  
Forth like a hound th' impatient vessel flies.

## XLVIII.

The steady breeze was fair, and freshly blew,  
And gently filled each softly swelling sail,  
As from the less'ning Isle she swiftly flew,  
Bounding in pride before the fav'ring gale;  
And high our hero's bosom bounded too,  
With hope, prophetic of his future weal—  
Nor felt he aught what toils he must endure,  
Before he made "assurance doubly sure."

## XLIX.

Quickly they clear'd the Point of Ballymore—  
Of Harlosh, Haverser, and Wia's Isle;  
Oronsa's rocky side they see no more,  
And pass'd's the mouth of deep Loch Bracadille:  
Along the land their steady course they bore,  
Loch Enort opes—'tis pass'd in gallant style—  
Fast sink astern Crakenish and Duskere,  
And down 'twixt Rum and Cana straight they bear.

## L.

The Sound is clear'd—on, on the vessel flies—  
Before the breeze she wantons buoyant still;  
Quick sinks each headland, quickly others rise—  
They near the Carns of Coll, pass Sodasdil:  
Fast by Treshannish Isles with speed she flies—  
Romantic Staffa, and famed Icolmkil—  
Forward they press, and soon they clear Tanvore,  
And for the Runs of Islay next they bore.

## LI.

Now, from the East, the dusky shades of night,  
Like routed hosts, with rapid strides retire  
Before Aurora's vanguard's varied light,  
That marches forth in ranks of golden fire,  
And stretches 'long th' horizon far and bright,  
Gilding the darken'd outlines of Cantire—  
Now, o'er the *Mull*, the flaming orb of day,  
Smiles on the "wand'rers of that trackless way."

## LII.

Swift as a falcon on the light bark flies,  
And, swallow-like, she seems to skim the sea ;  
And quick Macdonald's eagle eye espies,  
Stretching in grandeur o'er the vessel's lee,  
The frowning background of the Causeway rise—  
Which, when once seen, you must for ever see—  
Our nation's bulwarks, founded in the main,  
The prop of Albion and the scourge of Spain.<sup>12</sup>

## LIII.

Here the Armada's pennants proudly flew,  
Waving, triumphantly, before the wind—  
Here their majestic prows dashed fiercely through,  
With stern impatience, free and unconfined ;  
But Heaven his "high-engendered battles" drew,  
In dread array, and quick the conflict joined :  
The vassal waves the Almighty's will perform,  
And Fear, Dismay, and Death, ride on the storm !

## LIV.

And now one mighty tempest shakes the sea,  
And fell Destruction sickens—now in vain  
Is nautic skill, or pers'nal bravery,  
To break the links of Fate's all-powerful chain—  
Now the gaunt crew th' appalling danger see,  
And seek for safety 'mid the foaming main ;  
But yawning waves choke navigation up,  
And Heaven's broad vengeance robs them e'en of hope.

## LV.

Now their dread engines sad distress foretold,  
And wild despairings rose from sea to sky—  
Now, in loud mockery, Heaven's thunder roll'd,  
And vivid lightning shot his shafts on high ;  
And Antrim's cliffs, like Adamant of old,<sup>15</sup>  
Fraught with destruction and their destiny,  
Drew their proud prows upon her fatal shore,  
And Spain's high boasting navy was no more !

## LVI.

Ah, hapless men ! who can their fate command ?

When first to brave the horrors of the deep,  
With pride elate, you left your native land

Big with the hope of conquest—one fell sweep  
Has marr'd what years of mighty councils plann'd—

Not wives and mothers, but a nation weep ;  
Nor years of anguish, deep'ning and profound,  
Can heal that irremediable wound.

## LVII.

Such fate may all-victorious Britain's foes

Meet, who t' intrude on Britain's rights would dare !  
May He, who in his wisdom all things knows,

Before the arm of vengeance is made bare,  
In mercy to their folly, interpose,

And stay destruction while he yet may spare—  
May all that would enslave us yet be slaves,  
And feel Britannia still shall rule the waves !



## LVIII.

They pass'd the Causeway, that unrivall'd mound,  
That stood the shock of ages, and shall stand,  
(Though Nature's aspect changes all around,)·  
In pristine splendour—key-stone of the land,  
By which we're to our sister countries bound  
With whin-dyke cables, forged by Nature's hand;  
Whose flinty links through ocean depths descend,  
And far in Scotch and British land extend.<sup>14</sup>

## LIX.

Brief time our hero now had to inspect  
This noble structure, or to ponder on  
The thousand lines that thousand ways bisect  
This monument of many-angled stone;  
But held his course, unvaried and direct,  
Nor loom nor organ <sup>15</sup> once he thought upon,  
But watch'd, in silence, how the vessel flew  
Past rock and headland—then look'd out for new.

## LX.

Close on their starboard bow, see Pleaskin rise !<sup>16</sup>  
Rearing in grandeur his majestic head,  
Crown'd with basalt, and mingling with the skies !  
And from his base, deep laid in Neptune's bed,  
Behold his pillar'd galleries arise  
In twofold tiers !—whose lofty columns spread  
Across his front, like giant ranks they stand,  
The guardian bulwarks of our native land.

## LXI.

And now this splendid headland they have clear'd,  
And numerous ports along th' indented shore ;  
Unnumber'd points successively appear'd,  
And closed as quickly, as they onward bore :  
In tow'ring pride, high o'er their lee-beam rear'd  
Its lofty summit, iron-bound Bengore !  
A stubborn landmark to the foaming tide,  
That points its limits—curbs its swelling pride.

## LXII.

In lonely grandeur, rising from the sea,  
The chalky cliffs of Rathlin now they view;  
Where Bruce, while labouring to set Scotland free  
From deadly foes, a while from refuge flew,<sup>17</sup>  
And for a space avoided scrutiny,  
'Till Scotia's hosts near Edward's army drew—  
Then routed tyrants felt his dread return,  
And Scotland hail'd her King at Bannockburn.

## LXIII.

Thou, too, lone spot, hast oft been taught to feel  
The Northern plund'ers force, and treach'rous wile;  
Oft hast thou bled 'neath each marauder's steel,  
And bare-faced Murder shook th' affrighted isle!<sup>18</sup>  
Loud rung the welkin with thy night-shriek's peal,  
When Morris made thee one vast reeking pile,  
And o'er thy castle spread destruction's wing,  
That long had lodged the injured, exiled king!

## LXIV.

They now that awful promontory greet,  
With savage wildness o'er its features spread,  
Rising in grandeur from its ocean seat,  
In rude magnificence, august Fairhead!<sup>19</sup>  
A hell of waters howl beneath his feet—  
A foaming Phlegethon, of aspect dread—  
And massive pillars lift their heads on high,  
With which, nor Czar's nor Pompey's e'er could vie!<sup>20</sup>

## LXV.

Now o'er the swelling flood they quickly glide,  
And down the land with eagle's swiftness run,  
The foam and surf high dashing round her side;  
But now their labours for a while seem'd done—  
They pass'd Torr Head—then dropping in the tide,  
Reach'd in a stretch the Bay of Cushendun:  
And now proud Valla's towers appear'd in view,  
The boat is lower'd, and quick to land they flew.

## LXVI.

Macdonald sped to Glendun's beauteous vale,  
Where stood the noble mansion of Sir Hugh;<sup>21</sup>  
Encompass'd round with wood, and hill, and dale—  
Embattled front, with fosse and drawbridge too:  
He gain'd admittance, briefly told his tale,  
And found its worthy owner staunch and true;  
Who wrung, with fervour, our young hero's hand,  
And vow'd again to aid him with his band.

## LXVII.

And now, in answer to their father's call,  
Two valiant youths, of Herculean mould,  
Stood by his side, within the spacious hall—  
His hopeful props when mind and limb wax old;  
“My sons,” he said, “will quickly marshal all—  
With hands as willing as with hearts they're bold;  
And, like their sire, when might oppresses right,  
You'll find them foremost in Truth's sacred fight.

## LXVIII.

“ Hark, Duncan ! rise thee with the lark, and send

The muster signal swift from glen to glen ;

And, Arthur, speed thee to Glenane—our friend

Requires the aid of Groam’s<sup>92</sup> trusty men :

Tell Clegna, too, here with his force t’ attend—

The signal speed o’er mountain, moor, and fen—

Let nought prevent them gathering at the call,

The muster place is Lisavalla’s hall.”

## LXIX.

And now the festive hour of mirth drew near—

That hour which chases Grief and Care away—

When, round the hearth, enjoying social cheer,

We drown the pains or pleasures of the day ;

That brings delight to Peasant and to Peer,

For who, at some time, have not felt its ray

Beam on their souls, ’midst danger and distress ?

“ Like angel’s visits,” come to cheer and bless ?

## LXX.

And here abundantly that ray was shed,  
Bright as an Eastern Sun's unclouded beam—  
In Valla's hall a sumptuous board was spread,  
And song and jest flow'd with the grape's pure stream;  
And fast the brilliant hours of pleasure fled—  
For hours of pleasure always shortest seem—  
All now retired, each buoyant with delight,  
And dreams prophetic cheer them to the fight.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

## **CANTO II.**





# **THE AVENGED BRIDE.**

## **CANTO II.**

### **I.**

**WITHIN** Dunluce's halls the lamps are bright,  
And peals of mirth are echoed all around;  
And from her lattices burst gleams of light—  
Joy uncontroll'd and pleasures here abound :  
The broad flag waves upon the tower's height,  
And pipe and tabret join in merry sound ;  
With looks benign, the hoary minstrels come—  
Loud shrieks the fife, and hoarsely rolls the drum.

## II.

On hill and mound, extending far and high,  
Numerous and bright the fires of welcome blazed;  
While rock and cliff, to the rejoicing cry  
Loudly respond—the welkin stood amazed,  
And deafening shouts rent the astonish'd sky—  
For Joy's unfetter'd standard high was raised,  
And, unconstrain'd, o'er all waved free and wide—  
Macquillan's heir to-night brought home his bride.

## III.

Knights, Squires, and Nobles, all had gather'd now,  
And courtly dames, with hearts as pure as free;  
And joy unsullied sat on every brow—  
Now mirth grew loud, and song, and revelry—  
Before whose shrine young hearts with ardour bow:  
Along the hall the strains of minstrelsy,  
In liquid notes, pour'd their voluptuous swell—  
Why stops the dance? Hark to th' alarum bell!

## IV.

A death-like silence reign'd a moment there—

All stood like statues, motionless and still ;

Each fix'd on each a wild, inquiring stare—

The mantling current of the heart grew chill :

As if that knell had menaced black Despair,

And shook each breast with its electric thrill ;

And all seem'd wrapp'd with horrible suspense,

In expectation, breathless and intense.

## V.

So shook the revellers in Brussels' hall,

When, once again to mount the sithed car,

Rush'd forth the reunited sons of Gaul,

With all the deep-mouth'd thundering of war—

Where those who brightly smil'd were doom'd to fall :

For sighs and tears from pleasure stand not far ;

And they who dream secure amidst excess,

May wake to misery, danger, and distress.

## VI.

Through tower and porch, in thrilling echoes, rung  
The warder's loud and long continued peal—  
And swift the watchword flew the guards among,  
“To arms—to arms!” with wild impatient zeal;  
Th' astonish'd chieftains to the portals sprung—  
Alas! those looks the dreadful cause reveal—  
The knowledge wish'd, though fear'd, arrives—doubt's o'er;  
“Arm, arm, and out!—the Scots approach the shore!”

## VII.

And here a scene of wild confusion rose,  
Where late on Peace's stem but Pleasure grew,  
Water'd and fed by that pure stream that flows  
From the heart's fountain, Love's reviving dew;  
Here bosoms throb'd in agonizing throes—  
Lips clung to lips in long and sad adieu—  
The bravest heart at that fell crisis feels  
Pangs which his sterner manhood scarce conceals.

## VIII.

Some wrung their hands and wept in bitter anguish,  
Or breath'd for sire or son a tender prayer;  
Some seem'd in mute despair to sigh and languish,  
And some essay'd to soothe the trembling fair:  
Some rush'd to arms, and vow'd they'd die or vanquish,  
And all for blood and battle fast prepare,  
And swear by proud Dunluce's chief to stand,  
To drive these Scotch marauders from the land.

## IX.

The lovely bride, amidst these wild alarms,  
Flew to her lord, and clung to his embrace;  
Her raven tresses, in their unbound charms,  
Half hid the soft expression of her face,  
And flow'd with rich profusion o'er his arms:  
He soothes—caresses—tries each art to chase  
Those fears that took possession of her soul,  
And seem'd to bid defiance to control.

## X.

“ Fear not,” he said, “ Adelia, my adored !  
I’ll soon return, if there be hope above ;  
Oft has the foe bow’d ’neath our conquering sword —  
Nay, do not weep—why should you fear, my love ?  
These are no mighty foes—a common horde,  
That vice and plunder lead abroad to rove ;  
But soon—Hark to the bugle’s thrilling swell !  
One kiss—adieu—another—Oh, farewell !”

## XI.

Then to a couch his weeping bride he bore,  
And from her fond embrace he gently drew ;  
Gazed on her lovely face, and o’er and o’er  
Kiss’d from her lids the tears which gush’d anew :  
Ah ! who can tell what pangs his bosom tore,  
Thus forc’d away from her he lov’d so true !  
Again the bugle calls—“ Adieu !”—he’s gone—  
And poor Adelia left to weep alone.

## XII.

'Tis strange how man's vain speculations end,  
Though watch'd with care and diligence profuse,  
How often to their ruin do they tend—  
Fortune is frolicsome when she breaks loose,  
And oft her primest favourites in the end  
Find that her gifts may dire effects produce;  
To-day she smiles—to-morrow she's unkind,  
And we may call—she's deaf as well as blind.

## XIII.

But should she even condescend to hear  
Her slavish votaries, who daily call,  
How oft we find their course beset with fear,  
For danger follows in her train withal—  
And when to glory's pinnacle they near,  
She oft forsakes them, nor regards their fall,  
Though 'twere like Lucifer's, no more to rise!  
But to some newly-favour'd object flies.



## XIV.

Beneath her smiles, proud Charles his flag unfurl'd,  
And long triumphant rode upon her car ;  
And with his thunders shook the Northern world,  
When Sweden's martial hosts went forth to war :  
She frowns, alas ! and swift destruction's hurl'd—  
His legions fly before the conquering Czar ;  
And he retires, in terror and dismay,  
In foreign lands to curse Pultowa's day.

## XV.

See Wolsey, who had sounded every shoal  
And depth of honour, basking in the smile  
Of England's monarch, whose aspiring soul  
At every greatness grasp'd, e'en 'till the isle  
Rung with his power—behold him at the goal  
Of his ambition—vain, alas, his toil !  
His glory's set—of all his honours shorn—  
Obscurely dies—unpitied and forlorn !

## XVI.

See Essex, favourite of the maiden queen,  
On whom her honours she profusely shed—  
To-day the morning star at court he's seen,  
And glory seems encircled round his head;  
Alas ! how altered is the brilliant scene !  
To-morrow he is number'd with the dead !  
To please a despot, Raleigh lost his life;  
And Villiers felt the ruffian Fenton's knife.

## XVII.

Behold Napoleon, in his bright career,  
Spurning all bounds as on to fame he springs;  
And wide his deeds resound, and far and near—  
Subduing realms—dethroning—making kings;  
'Till Europe trembled at his name of fear,  
And England's lion rent his eagle's wings !  
Struck to the earth, no more again to soar,  
He dies in exile, on a foreign shore !

## XVIII.

Short-sighted man ! how little do you know  
The hidden mysteries of the Book of Fate !  
To-day, your spirits in bright sunshine glow,  
And “ blushing honours thick upon you ” wait ;  
But, ere to-morrow’s glorious sun, laid low—  
And from the zenith of your palmy state,  
Ye, like the evening exhalations, fall,  
And sink in dark oblivion, name, gain, glory—all !

## XIX.

But I digress—I hope ’twill not seem treason,  
And pray that you will pardon my digression—  
And though it may appear here out of season,  
Nor useful e’en to give my tale expression,  
You’ll find in it, perhaps, some rhyme and reason—  
It swells the book—now, after this confession,  
I hope, my gentle readers, you’ll excuse  
These little frolics in my wand’ring muse.

## XX.

How little dream'd Macquillan's friends that night,  
The piles they heap'd to demonstrate their joy,  
On hill and mound, should prove a beacon light  
To those who sought their shores but to destroy;  
Far o'er the sea the fatal flame shone bright—  
The wary Scots beheld it mounting high,  
And deem'd their chief the promis'd signal made,  
All, all obey, nor further question stay'd.

## XXI.

A thousand warriors in arms appear,  
Rushing like torrents down steep Islay's side;  
O'er rock and cliff the hardy mountaineer  
Impatient springs, with hope and courage buoy'd:  
Throng'd is the beach with corslet, brand, and spear—  
They man their boats, and mount the swelling tide—  
Through foam and surf fast flies each cleaving keel,  
And fired each breast with bold, invading zeal.

## XXII.

The land appears—and, long ere morning smile,  
Within the shelter of a friendly bay,  
Wrought in the bosom of our own green isle,  
The bold adventurers at anchor lay;  
Nor of surprise they dream'd, or dreaded wile,  
But peevish chid the tardy-coming day—  
The laden boats grate hoarsely on the strand—  
Leap they exulting on the yellow sand.

## XXIII.

Vain exultation—short-lived as 'twas weak—  
How often joy forerunner is to wo,  
And zeal is blind—many who come to wreak  
Vengeance on others, meet their own o'erthrow;  
'Twas nearly fatal now, for from a creek,  
(Where lay conceal'd from th' unsuspecting foe,)  
Rush'd, like Hyrcanian tigers from their lair,  
Macquillan's band, and spread destruction there.

## XXIV.

That simultaneous burst—that battle cry—  
That oft the place of numbers, spear, and shield,  
Or cannon's sulph'rous breath, doth well supply,  
And spreads gaunt terror o'er the crimson'd field—  
Like timid hinds makes countless legions fly,  
And hosts of tyrants tremble, crouch, and yield—  
Fell like a demon death-blow on their ear,  
And smote the bravest soul with deadly fear.

## XXV.

In vain they strive to rally and unite,  
The fiery charge of *gallogloths* <sup>1</sup> to bear;  
In vain the chiefs exhort them to the fight,  
For death pursues—surrounds them every where:  
Bereft of hope, they now betake to flight,  
Fear in their van and ruin in their rear,  
Spread their dark ensigns o'er the flying brave,  
Who late exulted on the buoyant wave.

## XXVI.

Routed and broken, scarce they pause for breath—

At length one cheering blast their leader blew,

That often marshall'd them to deeds of death—

But now to gather those who meanly flew—

“Hark! is't the demon of the blasted heath

That echoes back my notes, distinct and true?

Again, its clear and thrilling sounds I hear—

'Tis, 'tis our chieftain's call that meets my ear!”

## XXVII.

All things arranged, all plans securely laid,

The glen's men muster'd—posted trusty spies—

Macdonald singly o'er the headlands stray'd,

Without attendant, and in close disguise,

To view where best his landing could be made,

Secure from danger, treachery, or surprise—

And while he mused, swift on the breeze were borne,

Those well known sounds of clansman's bugle horn.

## XXVIII.

Up from his reverie like light he sprung,  
And quickly glanc'd around o'er land and sea;  
His bugle from his baldric he unstrung,  
Its swelling notes went bounding o'er the lea:  
(There is a magic in that brazen tongue  
In peril's hour—it rallies those who flee,  
The dying cheers, invigorates the brave,  
To victory leads, bids conquerors spare and save.)

## XXIX.

'Tis answer'd—then with speed he flew—  
He saw the ruin, terror, and dismay,  
Surprise had wrought upon his faithful crew—  
Tore his disguise with eager hand away,  
And gleam'd in arms, to cheer the flying few  
Whom slaughter spared to bleed another day;  
He checks their flight, each breast with courage fires—  
Exhorts, entreats, re-animates, inspires.



## XXX.

Around their chieftain's standard now they swarm,  
And from his presence self-possession gain;  
Once more in deep'ning ranks they quickly form,  
The foe's impetuous raging to restrain,  
That rush'd upon them like a thunder storm—  
“ One effort now that death-shock to sustain,  
And break the fury of that fearful host” !  
'Tis vain—they yield, break, falter—all is lost !

## XXXI.

Again they seek for safety in the flight,  
Scatter'd and broken, yet they're unsubdued ;  
Convulsed with rage, Macdonald quits the fight,  
Repell'd by foes with fresh'ning force renew'd,  
But fighting flies—and many felt his might,  
Who far and rashly his retreat pursued ;  
Nor stay'd his march, until the fading day  
Shed on the fugitives its parting ray.

## XXXII.

And now within Glenshesk encamp'd he lay—

Alas ! how alter'd since he stemm'd the wave !

His fortune dawn'd, and then seem'd in its May,

And Hope, he thought, her brightest promise gave :

But now the slippery dame had gone astray—

Hope in the sear seem'd drooping to her grave ;

But while his prospects Doubt enwrapt in mist,

Some little bird sang in his ear—Persist !

## XXXIII.

But what is chance or fate ? mere cant, a word—

“ Persistent wisdom,” Home says, is our fate,<sup>2</sup>

Though “ chance may spoil a single aim,” the sword

Of perseverance prospers soon or late ;

And still unceasingly the little bird,

(The leading speaker in his mind's debate)

Cried loudly, Persevere ! nor did he chide her,

But took the hint, as Bruce did from the spider,<sup>3</sup>

## XXXIV.

In ruddy splendour slowly mounts the Sun,  
His rising beams the mountains tip with gold ;  
Those streams, that now with silv'ry brightness run,  
Red with the heart's blood of the brave and bold,  
Shall deep be dyed long ere thy course is done,  
For carnage has his baleful flag unroll'd ;  
And deeds be done within that petty space,  
That memory shrinks from, but cannot efface.

## XXXV.

On Aura's side a marshal host appears,  
Macdonald's clans are on its heights array'd ;  
Wind through Glendun in dread and bristly tiers,  
Macaulay's troops, in battle ne'er dismay'd :  
Round Aura's base, with banners, brands, and spears,  
Macquillan's host a fearful front display'd—  
Elate with recent victory they seem'd,  
Nor aught but conquest in this strife they deem'd.

## XXXVI.

His valiant gallogloths ascending high,  
In closest column, flank'd and centred well—  
Rush'd on the foe with their wild battle cry—  
The Scots received them with a deafning yell;  
Their mingling shouts like thunder shook the sky,  
And spread around the air the breath of hell!  
Thrice they're repulsed, and thrice they reascend—  
The Scots with valour still their post defend.

## XXXVII.

Macdonald now, and young Macquillan meet—  
Oh Heaven! it is a fearful sight to see  
Two rival chieftains thus each other greet,  
When all the passions rise in mutiny,  
• And the blood's lava up to burning heat,  
Kindling within revenge, hate, jealousy,  
'Till bursts that dread Vesuvius of the heart—  
Then, then they meet, and death alone can part!

## XXXVIII.

A moment pause they, and each other view  
Like gladiators, and then forth they sprung;  
Fiercely they closed, the combat fiercer grew,  
And loud and terribly their armour rung:  
Thrice reel'd the Scot, thrice the Hibernian too,  
And both in death's embrace together clung—  
But while they struggled thus for death and life,  
Their clansmen part them, but for future strife.

## XXXIX.

Foiled, bleeding, furious, through their ranks they ran,  
Breathing revenge, and dealing deeds of blood;  
Cheering, supporting, strengthening each his clan,  
Where courage faints, or danger thickest stood—  
Now on the flank, now fighting in the van,  
With foam and gore their garments deep imbued—  
Hark to that deafening shout that rends the sky!  
“The Scots give way!—they break!—they fly, they fly!”

## XL.

Ill had Macdonald fared upon that day,  
Had not Macaulay's aid been prompt and true;  
For just as hopes of wealth and fame decay,  
They reach the field, and fierce the fight renew—  
“What! do *they* fly so soon, in wild dismay?  
Charge! cleave them, spare not, charge, pursue, pursue!”  
Fatal command! what havoc hast thou made!  
Rashly 'twas given, blindly 'twas obey'd.

## XLI.

*They fly!* ay, but to lure thee to thy doom—  
For near the field of strife a vast morass  
Lay broad and deep, and at the midnight gloom  
They made promiscuous paths of rush and grass,<sup>4</sup>  
Which led them safe—but proved a yawning tomb  
To many hearts late triumphing—alas!  
The tide now ebbs that lately flow'd too well!  
Engulf'd, o'erwhelm'd, Macquillan's heroes fell!

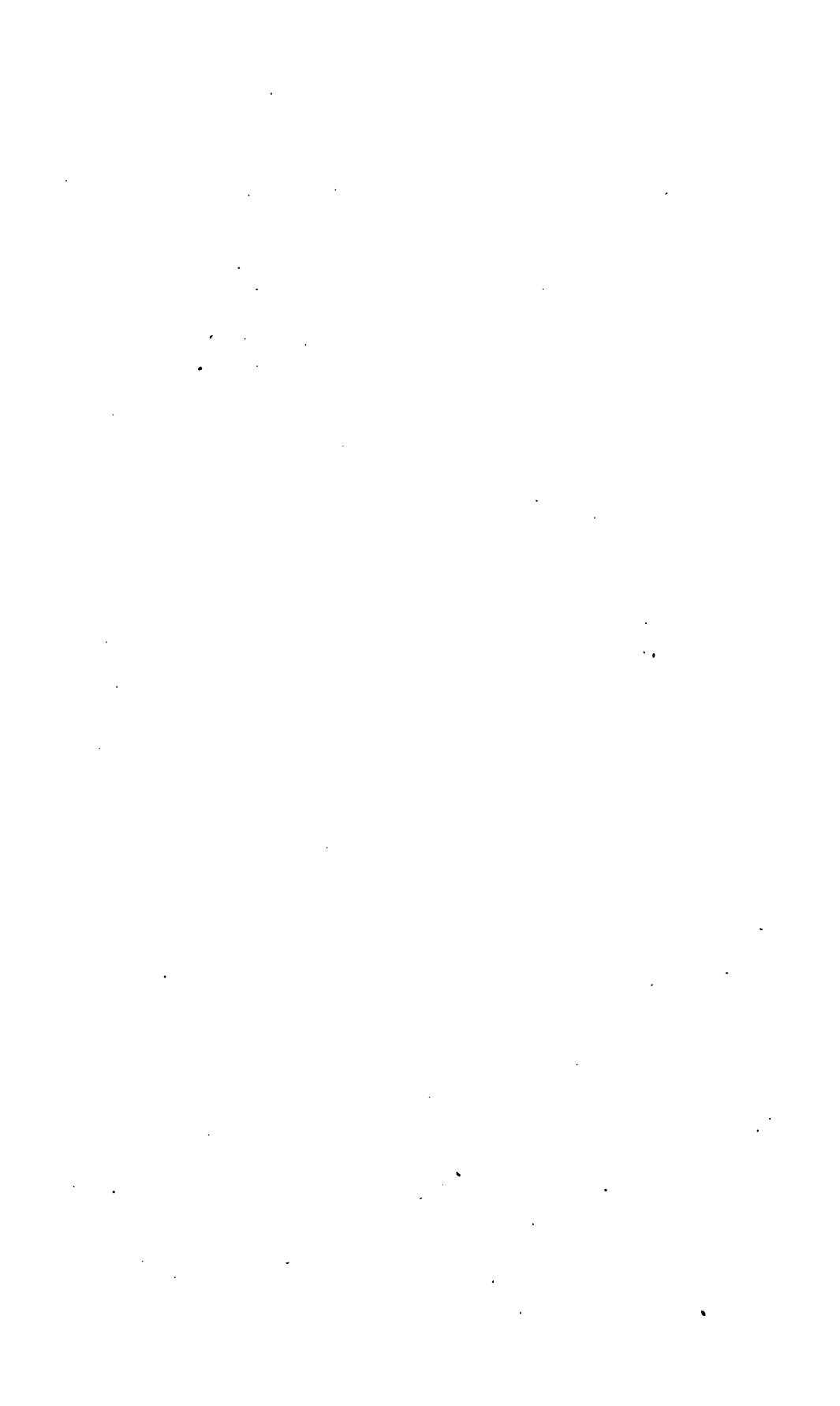
## XLII.

Outnumber'd, broken, hopeless, and deprest,  
His scatter'd gallogloths betake to flight;  
The eagle's wing is clipp'd, that on his crest  
Floated so fearful on the field of fight—  
And now he flies, distracted and distress'd,  
From foes who late the terror of his might  
Had keenly felt—in turn *he's* forced to yield,  
And leave Macdonald conqueror on the field.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO. .

## **CANTO III.**





# **THE AVENGED BRIDE.**

## **CANTO III.**

### **I.**

**THE** Sun has sunk, and to her lonely tower,  
    Drooping and sad, Adelia now repairs;  
And dark and dismal, as the clouds that lower,  
    Sinks her fond heart—she falters and despairs—  
Counts o'er the minutes of each fleeting hour,  
    Nor yet her lord is granted to her prayers;  
He comes not—sends not—“heartless, faithless one!  
Why dost thou leave me here to mourn alone?”

## II.

She said—and through her lattice wildly gazed,  
Till every object in the deepening gloom  
Assum'd that well-known shape her mind had raised ;  
Oft she conceiv'd she saw his sable plume  
Wave in the breeze, until her dark eye glazed  
And swam in sadness—he for whom .  
This lonely vigil she so truly kept,  
Appear'd not—came not—yet she watch'd and wept.

## III.

In speechless agony at times she sate,  
Then slowly pace her chamber to and fro—  
Then sudden stop, and through the lattice grate  
Gaze, till the tears unknown to her would flow ;  
Her heart felt crush'd—alone, and desolate—  
He it had beat for, or in weal or wo,  
On whom its every thought alone was plac'd,  
Was gone—and all within was wild and waste.

## IV.

Down on her couch in bitter grief she sunk,  
Her brain seem'd madden'd, and there flitted through  
A thousand shapes—one time his headless trunk,  
A mangled corse, his reckless victor drew  
In brutal triumph—from this sight she shrunk,  
Appall'd and heart-sick—then again she'd view  
Him captiv'd, fetter'd, and the goading chain  
Entering his soul, and ling'ring life in pain.

## V.

“ Ah me !” she cried, “ is this the promised joy  
That Hymen gave, when on my bridal night  
He lit his torch—and Pleasure held it high,  
And talk'd of years of rapture and delight,  
'Till the believing soul drank copiously  
Th' illusive draught—'twas short-liv'd as 'twas bright !  
Like that sweet, delicate, and tender flower,  
That blooms, decays, and withers in an hour.”<sup>1</sup>

## VI.

While yet she mourn'd—in sad and alter'd state,  
Pale with fatigue, with toil and travel worn,  
Hopeless and heartless, at the outer gate  
Arrive, with feelings scarcely to be borne,  
Those few whom death reserved for future fate;  
Distress'd, distracted, ruin'd and forlorn,  
With fever'd bosom and with trembling feet,  
Macquillan hastes, but dreads his bride to meet.

## VII.

He reach'd the porch, and pass'd the corridore—  
Falt'ring and slow ascends the narrow stair;  
He gains, but pauses at her chamber door—  
He knew the accents of his fell despair  
Would grieve that heart that flow'd with kindness o'er:  
How could Adelia these sad tidings bear?  
He fell, and dreaded still a greater fall,  
But yet he mann'd his heart to brave it all.

## VIII.

When fortune smiled and troops of friends caress'd,  
She was his morning star, whose cheering ray  
Sooth'd him to love—and all the clouds that press'd  
To damp his glowing visions, chased away;  
Now he was fallen, ruin'd, and opprest—  
She was his load-star still—his life, his day:  
In her he felt his soul's last, richest store,  
She was his all—earth held for him no more!

## IX.

He breath'd her name—she heard, and quickly flew  
To meet her lord, and rush'd into his arms;  
Close to his heart his weeping bride he drew—  
A moment gazed with rapture on her charms—  
Wiped from her lids the bright, fast-falling dew—  
Sooth'd, kiss'd, caress'd, and calm'd her wild alarms—  
Ere yet, with trembling heart, he dare relate  
The tale which told her she was desolate.

## X.

Brief time Macquillan had to greet his bride,  
And brief the moments love had snatch'd from war ;  
For now the foe, exulting in his pride,  
Hotly pursued, and follow'd fast and far :  
The prize in view, and Fortune by his side,  
Macdonald rode triumphant on her car ;  
And now had reach'd the castle's outer gate,  
Whose strength awhile resists th' opposing weight.

## XI.

" They've chased us here like foxes to our den,"  
Macquillan said, but check'd his late despair ;  
" Here will we stand and brave the storm again,  
Although block'd up—surrounded every where—  
We'll prove, at least, they have to cope with men—  
Nay, foaming tigers, mangling in our lair :  
And, though like bears they've tied us to a stake,  
Yet, e'en in chains, we'll red destruction make !

## XII.

“ Thrice have they felt the power of your might,  
And shrunk like cravens from your vengeful brand;  
And, long ere this, they’d ta’en their farewell flight,  
Ruin’d and hopeless, to their native land,  
Were they not back’d by him who in the fight  
Had turn’d ’gainst us in treachery his brand :<sup>2</sup>  
Accursed traitor ! when we next shall meet,  
Your life shall answer for your fell deceit.”

## XIII.

This said, he flew like lightning from the hall,  
His faithful chiefs attend on his command ;  
With ready skill, on rampart tower or wall  
He posts the little remnant of his band :  
“ This push will cheer us, or we *now* shall fall—  
So, nerve your hearts !—for mine is firmly mann’d ;  
Let’s not despair—all yet’s not from us torn—  
Our castle’s strength will laugh a siege to scorn !”



## XIV.

Around Dunluce the leagu'ring foes now form—

Review each post, each outwork close inspect ;

And all their duty eagerly perform—

Dig deep the trench, the batteries erect,

To guide the thundering of th' approaching storm

Where first the crumbling breach they may expect :

And now destruction's work begins—once more

Bursts on the ear the cannon's deafening roar.

## XV.

And, under cover of this cannonade,

A chosen few our hero bravely led,

And strove to enter in by escalade—

But scarce above the wall they rais'd their head,

(Such fierce resistance the besieged now made,)

'Till down they sunk, and mingled with the dead ;

For, from a high, well-watch'd, and well-mann'd tower,

Thick, fast and heavy, there the bullets shower.

## XVI.

Foil'd in this effort, and his bravest slain,

Now, from that hope forlorn, he quick retires ;  
And, where the foe had pour'd like Wintry rain

His deadly shot, he cheers, exhorts, inspires :  
Seizes the match again, and oft again

From gun to gun he springs, or loads, or fires—  
While sharp and deadly, from the castle wall,  
Wing'd with destruction, flies the hissing ball.

## XVII.

Now volumed flame and fiery clouds rose high,

And Heaven seem'd pierced with the infernal din—  
That counterfeit of Jove's artillery—

From the rude throats of bomb and culverin,  
That roll'd in echoes through the vaulted sky,

And wrapp'd, with sulphery pall, their victims in ;  
And loud the booming of the cannon's breath,  
Peal'd in dread murmurs o'er the wide-spread heath.

## XVIII.

At length, conceiving this an useless waste  
Of men and ammunition—'fore the gate,  
Just where its pond'rous bolts were firmly braced,  
That might seem proof almost to every weight,  
Two of their battering guns they quickly placed,  
Their surest method, though 'twas somewhat late;  
I wonder they'd not thought of it before—  
'Twas that way brave Gillespie saved Vellore.<sup>5</sup>

## XIX.

Loud rings the shot, and, with tremendous crash,  
The massive portals suddenly give way!  
The Scots rush forward with a furious dash,  
Like thundering floods which sluice no longer stay;  
Now shouts rose high, and swords began to clash,  
As man rejoic'd his fellow-man to slay—  
And high and thick the slaughter'd heaps arose,  
And fast and wantonly the life-blood flows!

## XX.

In closest rank, Macquillan's little band

A while a piece of vantage ground possess'd ;

Like stags at bay, they make a fearful stand,

And, inch by inch, the pass with death contest :

The foremost foes reel 'neath each reeking brand—

At length, by fresh'ning force, borne down—opprest—

They're forced to yield—but in that fatal strife,

Sell conquest dearly with their latest life.

## XXI.

Now here, now there, where carnage thickest spread—

From post to post, their fated chieftain flies ;

'Gainst fearful odds, 'midst dying and 'midst dead,

The desperate chance fierce to the last he tries :

Rolls at his foot the clasp'd and steel-clad head—

And, though retreating, slays, and still defies ;

But yet within the porch a few remain,

Though oft attack'd, they still their post maintain.

## XXII.

And here Macquillan to their aid withdrew,  
Where, still unshrinking, though hemm'd in—beset—  
The shatter'd remnant of his faithful few  
Combat a host—slay—"strive and struggle yet;"  
And more than man dare, they both dare and do—  
But all in vain—alas, their sun is set!  
Borne down by numbers, press'd, and trampled o'er—  
Fighting they sink—but sink to rise no more!

## XXIII.

The castle's gain'd, and one wild mingling cry  
Of dying groans, and woman's shrieks, arise—  
And the mad, deafening shout of victory,  
Bursts in dread clamours, piercing the grim skies!  
And now Macquillan, in his agony,  
Seizes a torch, and to the arsenal flies  
To hurl destruction on th' invader's head—  
'Tis vain—he sinks!—he's number'd with the dead!

## XXIV.

Swiftly he'd sped, to plunge in one wide flood  
Of waste and ruin, conquerors and slain—  
To die in triumph, though he was subdued;  
He'd reach'd, but ere his hand could touch the train,  
Close by his side Macdonald grimly stood—  
Swept his long arm—his helmet cleft in twain—  
But for that blow, what havoc were to tell!  
He totter'd, reel'd, supine on earth he fell!

## XXV.

The fair Adelia, now no longer mild,  
Through blood-stain'd ranks impetuously rush'd;  
Frantic her manner as her looks were wild,  
Seeking her lord, nor could her cries be hush'd,  
Though savage guards or mock'd her woes or smiled,  
While from her streaming eyes the torrents gush'd:  
At length her loved one, breathless she beheld  
Stretch'd on the earth, and like a proud oak fell'd!

## XXVI.

Brain, soul, and sense, seem'd all upon the rack,  
As his "blood-bolter'd" form first met her view;  
His face distorted, and his eyes turn'd back  
Within their sockets—sever'd nearly through  
His high, pale forehead—and his raven black  
Hair stain'd with clotted drops of crimson dew—  
His teeth firm set—his nostrils widely spread—  
Told with what strife his mighty spirit fled.

## XXVII.

Mutely she gazed—but eloquent her wo—  
Upon that form that she had loved so well;  
Her heart seem'd sear'd, and tears refused to flow—  
Her brain spun round—and with a piercing yell,  
Upon the mangled corse that lay below,  
Heartbroke and senseless, poor Adelia fell!  
While Hope remain'd—all, all she firmly bore;  
Now it was fled—her soul could bear no more.

## XXVIII.

Awhile in this damp trance Adelia lay,

And then her slumbering pulse to life awoke ;  
And from her death-like, pale, cold front of clay,  
Big, bright and heavy, fast the chill drops broke,  
And dew'd her long dark tresses with their spray ;

Then wildly gazed on vacancy—nor spoke,  
Till, slowly rising, her bewilder'd eye  
Fell on the object of her agony :



## XXIX.

And then it glisten'd, fill'd, and flow'd—and then

Around her bleeding lord her arms she flung—  
Kiss'd his cold lips again, and oft again,

And closely to his lifeless form she clung,  
(For madness now was boiling in her brain,)

As if on his her life, her all had hung :  
Again her burning lips to his she press'd,  
And wiped the blood from off his brow and breast.



## XXX.

“ What ! sleep so soundly ?—and so pale and cold !  
Edward !—my dearest Edward !—ah, awake !  
Thou didst deceive me when that tale you told,  
You’d soon return, and sooner for my sake ;  
And yet thou cam’st not, ’till the night grew old,  
And my eyes dim with watching—ah, awake !  
Edward !—’tis thine Adelia—speak, speak, speak !  
Edward !—‘ Oh my poor heart when wilt thou break ’ !

## XXXI.

“ Still thou art silent—not one gentle word,  
Such as you used when first you came to woo,  
To cheer my drooping heart, thou wilt afford—  
And that grim, frowning look, so unlike you :  
Smile—smile again—my gentlest, dearest lord !  
Nay, thou art angry—I’ll be angry too,”  
She said, then gush’d the torrents from her eye—  
But he was gone—who else had kiss’d them dry !

## XXXII.

“ Can this be death ? ” in wildest tones she said—

“ Yes, ‘ Poor dumb mouth,’ *you* answer, it is death !

Through this wide gaping gash his spirit fled,

And closed for ever are his ‘ gates of breath ! ’ ”

She raised—let go his arm—it fell like lead,

A lifeless weight upon the earth—then saith,

“ Yes, thou art dead, and I a widow’d bride—

But I’ll avenge thee, whatsoe’er betide.”

## XXXIII.

Up from the ground with fury then she sprung,

As if some sudden frenzy seized her brain ;

Back o’er her shoulders her wild tresses flung,

And, on Macdonald, author of her pain,

Glared like a tigress robb’d of all her young :

Her dark eyes flash’d with fire, roll’d, flash’d again—

And then, with fearful, superhuman force,

Pour’d on his head the “ mountain of her curse.”

## XXXIV.

“ Where are thy vengeful ministers, Oh Heaven ?

Thy shaking thunder and the lightnings flash—

Why are the engines of thy wrath not driven

To crush this wretch to atoms in their crash ?

Will not the jaws of earth and hell be riven,

And, in their overwhelming fury, dash

The fiend to pieces, who this wreck begun,

And stands unmov'd, and looks at what he's done ?

## XXXV.

“ What ! not blasted yet—Oh Heaven ! but, no—

Thy righteous judgments, though they're always sure,

Their execution oftentimes is slow ;

And though a while men's crimes thou may'st endure,

E'en till the measure of their guilt o'erflow,

Or soon or late upon their heads thou'lt pour

The tempest of thy wrath—Oh ! may it light

On my destroyer's head with fearful might !

## XXXVI.

“ Oh ! may he live to feel my deadly curse  
    Blighting his prospects through life’s every stage !  
And may that never-dying fiend, Remorse,  
    Prey on his soul, nor Hope the pain assuage ;  
May Fear and Shame attend him in his course—  
    Hated in youth, and loathsome in his age—  
And may he at the last, forsook by Heaven,  
Despairing die—unshrived and unforgiven !

## XXXVII.

“ Oh ! let me but avenge this bloody deed  
    On *him* and *his*, before from earth I’m borne !  
Grant me but this—that *I* may see *them* bleed !  
    And clothe me with all sorts of shame and scorn ;  
Let mis’ry, pain, affliction be my meed—  
    Outcast of earth—shunn’d, hated, and forlorn—  
All, all I’ll bear, though countless years roll o’er !”  
She said—then vanish’d—and was heard no more !

## XXXVIII.

And where she wander'd, few had ever known,  
Save that at times, as wond'ring peasants said,  
On mountain tops, through rocks and caves—alone—  
A poor, bewilder'd maniac, she stray'd :  
At length she disappear'd—but where she'd gone  
No one could tell, and many thought her dead ;  
And proud Dunluce, with all its wide domains,  
Macdonald won—bright guerdon of his pains.

## XXXIX.

But see in th' East the rosy morning breaks,  
Melting in dewy tears the shades of night !  
Decking the sky in rich and mellow streaks  
Of gold and purple, and vermilion bright—  
Like Byron's rainbow : now chaste Phœbus takes  
One look on earth, but at the hideous sight  
Is sicken'd to eclipse, and will not shine  
That day on man one single ray divine.

## XL.

And now my muse must bid Dunluce farewell,

And seek Glenarriff, there to end her lay ;

So, gentle readers, if you'd hear me tell

My tale right out, follow her there I pray :

For in that matchless, sweet, enchanting dell,

With your kind patience, I awhile must stray—

For yet some sixty stanzas I must sing,

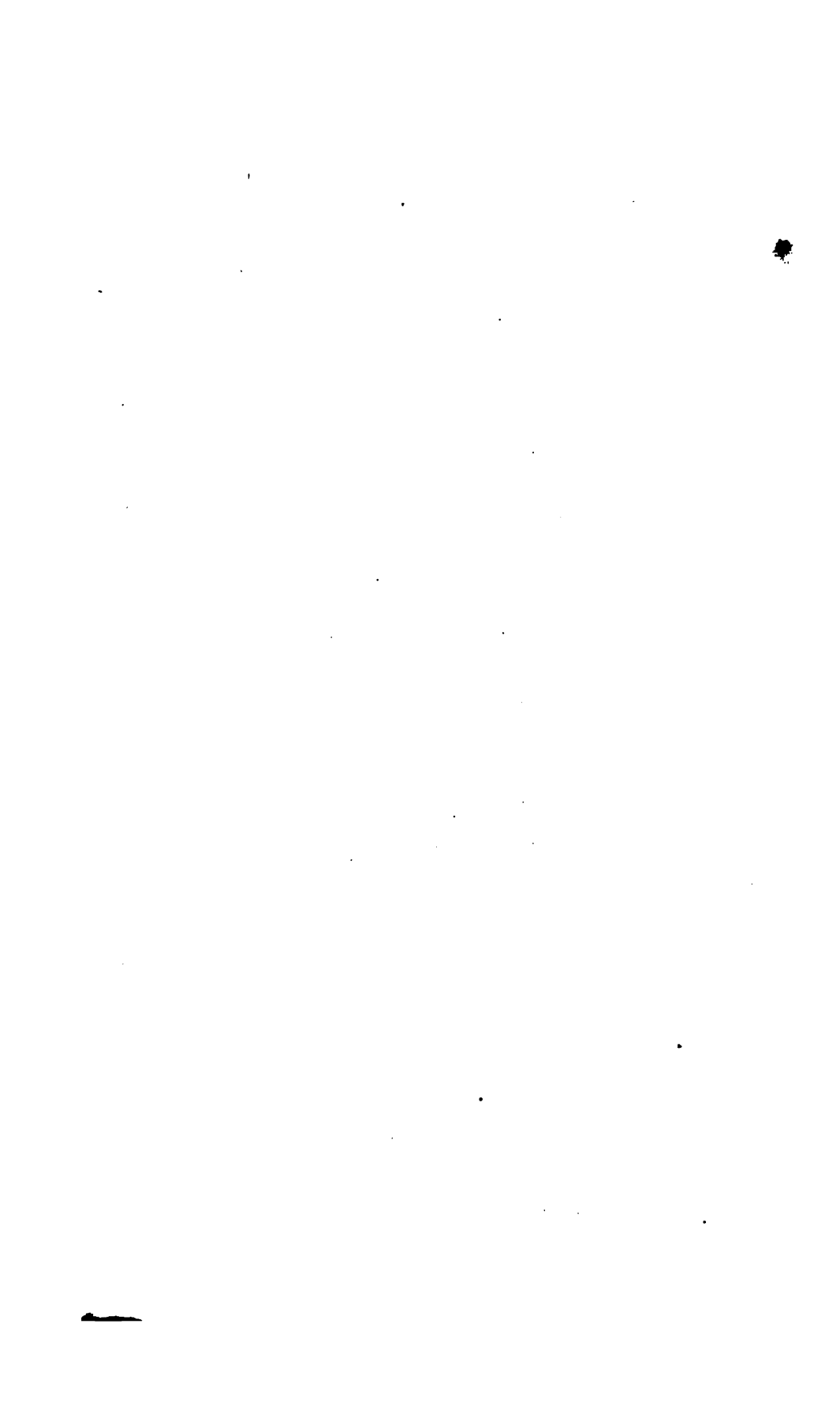
Before my tale I to an end can bring.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.



## **CANTO IV.**





# THE AVENGED BRIDE.

## CANTO IV.

### I.

SUBLIME Glenarriff! from my heart, all hail!

Like friends long parted, with what joy we meet!

Oh! how I long to wander through thy vale—

Though here, alas! those friends I ne'er can greet,

Who added charms to each romantic dale!

But still remembrance makes the past more sweet—

Thy mounts, rocks, floods, my muse must now explore,

T' enrich her fancy with their classic store.

## II.

Sweet vale ! by cloud-capp'd mountains bounded in !

With what majestic swell your sides arise !

Disclaiming with your kindred earth a kin,

And, based on ocean, lift your heads to skies ;

Who can behold you, and not think of Him

That bid you forth from nothing to arise !

Whose plastic hand the mighty structure raised,

Nor feel his soul with awe and wonder seized.

## III.

With what enthusiasm we feel inspired,

When up these heart-exulting heights we climb !

Our minds expand, our senses seem all fired,

And heaven-lit feelings, holy and sublime,

Pervade our inmost souls, when we've inquired

How Great Jehovah chose, in olden time,

In his unsearchable, unfathom'd plan,

Some mountain's summit, to converse with man !

## IV.

Behold the Patriarch, by Divine command,  
Unmurmuring, the Mount of God ascend;  
The firstling of his heart, with ready hand,  
(Nor with expostulation dar'd t' offend,)  
Upon the altar, bound with firmest band,  
His only son, an offering up to send—  
When lo! Heaven's mercy-breathing voice, he rais'd his eyes,  
And, on Jehovah-jireh,<sup>1</sup> found a sacrifice.

## V.

See favour'd Moses converse with the Lord  
On Sinai's top, and at the burning bush:<sup>2</sup>  
And all the mystic arts of our adored  
And bless'd Redeemer, beaming with the flush  
Of his refulgent glory, through the word  
Of his own inspir'd book, upon us rush;  
And, on that sacred page, the incarnate God we see  
On Olive's Mount transform'd, and bleed on Calvary!

## VI.

Just Heaven ! do there yet live, who dare deny  
Thy being, love, omnipotence, and name ?  
Who yet thy vengeance and thy wrath defy—  
How long shall infidels, like fools, blaspheme !  
Nor yet thy hand o'er Nature's face descry,  
To tell thy glory or record their shame ?  
Let them thy wonders from some mount explore,  
And be convinced, feel, tremble, and adore !

## VII.

The heavens the glory of the Lord declare,  
The firmament his handy-work doth tell ;  
The various planets in their orbits there—  
The Moon, that rules old Ocean with his spell—  
The glorious Sun, whose influence we share,  
Should strike with awe the daring infidel :  
For wheresoe'er, in water, earth or air,  
We turn our eyes—Jehovah's works are there.

## VIII.

And shall the Atheist still, with stupid cant,  
Feign to believe all are th' effect of chance?  
What stronger evidence can sceptics want,  
The proofs of that great Being to enhance?  
Were all their reasoning powers, of which they vaunt,  
Given for nothing, but to cease at once  
With their existence, and no hope remain  
Of promis'd bliss, or fear of threaten'd pain?

## IX.

What were life's life to man, if he could think,  
When life's long chequer'd pilgrimage were o'er,  
That his superior faculties should sink  
In dusky nothingness, to rise no more?  
'Tis Hope that cheers the soul, when o'er the brink  
Of Death's untried and yawning gulf we soar;  
A knowledge of our living after death—  
The soul's existence and eternal breath.

## X.

But see how swift, on Pegasean wing,  
To far-famed Palestine through air I'm borne;  
The Muse's steed must ever have his swing,  
Fly where he lists, and at his will return:  
And he who rides may let him take his fling,  
For all his efforts at restraint he'll spurn;  
And over climes, zones, empires, bear him still,  
For ever slave to his imperious will.

## XI.

Like unfledg'd youth, from guardians' trammels freed,  
Impatient o'er the universe to roam;  
To pleasure flies with unabated speed,  
But cloying days at length are sure to come—  
And pleasures cease to please—then, in his need,  
He seeks again his former friends and home:  
E'en so my steed, with wand'ring sated, flies,  
And once again Glenariff's beauties tries.

## XII.

Who can ascend thy height, sublime Lurgedon !  
Thou thought-inspiring—" Heaven-kissing hill !" <sup>1</sup>  
Parnassus of the North ! that thou don't lead on  
To train of thoughts that all their senses fill ?  
A noble pasture for the mind to feed on !  
Grand feast of Nature, open'd to our will—  
At the rich banquet oft I've ta'en my seat,  
While silver clouds roll'd circling 'neath my feet ! <sup>3</sup>

## XIII.

Or through thy dark, basaltic cliffs, would stray,  
Far from the haunts or gaze of vulgar men ;  
Where mighty Fion <sup>4</sup> ruled with sov'reign sway,  
(At least so say the Legends of the Glen,)  
And valour-stirring Ossian tuned his lay,  
To marshal Erin's sons to arms again,  
When prowling foes, like locusts, fill'd her shore—  
Laid waste her fields, and steep'd the land with gore.



## XIV.

Majestic mount ! from whose exalted height,  
O'er the broad rolling wave are seen in view  
The hills of Scotia, beautifully bright,  
Clad in imperial—never-fading blue ;  
Oft have I sat, transported at the sight,  
'Till night compell'd me to take leave of you :  
Majestic mount—whose beauty, size and shape,  
Resemble the famed *Table of the Cape* !<sup>5</sup>

## XV.

Here could I sit, and gaze o'er the abyss  
Of flood and fell, and pass the live-long day ;  
And though variety in life's a bliss,  
At least we sometimes think so, I must say,  
(Though fond of social intercourse,) that 'tis  
In solitude, the friends who're far away,  
We think of most, and feel them doubly dear,  
And fancy in a glance of mind they're near.

## XVI.

In that fleet glance of mind, from this proud height,

I, over scenes gone by, would often wander—

Or, in the balmy hours of stilly night,

Upon life's strange vicissitudes would ponder ;

Or gather flowers beautiful and bright—

And then at my heart's freshness oft I'd wonder—

And feel a joy as deep'ning and profound,

As travellers do, who've springs in deserts found.

## XVII.

Oh Man ! thou ne'er wert form'd to live alone—

Though pique may have the misanthrope beguiled ;

But, having broken his heart's ice, and flown

Where the bright beaming eyes of woman smiled,

And shot light into his dark soul, (which shone

Brightly again,) reviving, gentle, mild—

Like Suns on Polar regions, whose faint ray

Cheers the chill'd soul, and warms it into day.

## XVIII.

'Tis then he feels, though living, he was dead—

For, without her, what is the “ May of life?”

'Tis then he feels the lonely life he's led,

And his objections to return grow rife;

'Tis then he thinks 'twere better he should wed,

And, ere he's “ fallen into the sear,” take wife—

'Tis then he feels her power, and in a trice

Resolves, like Benedick, to have Beatrice.

## XIX.

'Tis ever thus we feel her <sup>valley</sup> ~~powerful~~ power—

'Tis ever thus her magic spell we own;

\* From the high palace to the humble bower,

It rules alike the dungeon-cot—the throne:

Brings o'er us clouds—dispels them if they lower—

By her our path with thorns or flowers is strown;

'Tis woman <sup>who often causes us</sup> ~~soothes us~~ in our dark distress,

And <sup>of our heart makes</sup> ~~makes a garden~~ of a wilderness.

## XX.

Down through this vale there runs a rolling flood,  
Far in the mountains drear it takes its rise—  
I traced its source, and on its banks I stood,  
And saw from out the earth its waters rise,  
And wonder'd how such infant streams e'er could  
Swell to such torrents, grandeur, strength, and size—  
And thought I heard the hermit's angry prayer,  
That nought should live that ever enter'd there.<sup>6</sup>

## XXI.

Here it rolls on its wild impatient course,  
'Till check'd a moment by proud Esna's head—<sup>7</sup>  
Slight check ! by which it but receives new force,  
Then with fierce wrath bursts o'er its barrier dread—  
Like one who's driven by rage, revenge, remorse,  
To some mad, irremediable deed—  
And risks his all upon some desperate cast,  
And braves the hazard, though it be his last.

## XXII.

And foaming, furious, with tremendous bound  
It thunders headlong down the dark abyss—  
Wild roaring with monotony of sound,  
Chafing its sides with one continued hiss;  
And, spreading an eternal rain around,  
Falls in bright grandeur down the precipice—  
Then bursts with madness, forth again to roam  
'Midst dark'ning rocks, emboss'd with whitening foam.

## XXIII.

And here, across its mighty force, was flung  
A birch, whose root was in the clefted rock;  
But in his native dwelling he was stung—  
Made by the storm its pastime and its mock:  
Sear'd in his heart, his mournful head he hung,  
Unable to abide the tempest's shock—  
Now bent beneath the spray, he's seen in tears,  
A scathed monument of wrath and years.

## XXIV.

Rich and luxuriant, by this gentle spray  
Are seen, in Nature's fancy, to combine  
The ivy and wild lichen, creep their way,  
And round their fostering rock their arms entwine—  
As if to keep rude Winter's blasts away  
From that aged breast which nursed and propp'd their line:  
Here the wild violet, rose, and woodbine grow,  
Richly profuse, and round their perfume throw.

## XXV.

Cataract sublime! I look'd on thee before—  
You bore a stranger aspect then than now;  
The conduits of thy flood were frozen o'er  
“ In sap-consuming Winter's drizzled snow:”  
Pillars of ice the hoary structure bore,  
In Nature's grand variety of show;  
A gorgeous, bright, transparent pile it stood—  
A crystal palace, rising from the flood!

## XXVI.

As if some fairy, in fantastic mood,  
On architecture tried her plastic hand;  
And all its orders, whether chaste or rude,  
That classic art, or sportive Nature plann'd—  
And all the tints that Iris have imbued  
At once confess'd the magic of her wand—  
And, like the temple on Moriah's mound,  
No workman's hammer here was heard to sound.

## XXVII.

Here lofty turrets raised their bristly peaks,  
In clear, pellucid fretwork, to the skies;  
Here emboss'd grottos fill'd up the deep creeks,  
And pearly chambers rich in beauty rise—  
Like the carved palace, which, in Fancy's freaks,  
Russia's Imperial Empress did devise—  
Brilliant as transient, like all human things—  
Crowns, thrones, and empires—Potentates and Kings.

## XXVIII.

Again I look'd in Summer's scorching sun,  
Where once thy lambent waters wildly play'd;  
The fountain's dried from which thy currents run—  
And all seem'd blasted, wither'd, and decay'd:  
In sullen grandeur still thou stood'st alone,  
Like Madness mourning o'er the wreck he made,  
With parch'd cheeks, sear'd eyes, heart-riven, for there's a grief  
To which no tears are sent to bring relief.

## XXIX.

Now down the glen the thund'ring waters roam,  
From barren mountains—through rich, fertile lands;  
O'er beds of jasper, porphyry, whin and loam,<sup>8</sup>  
And massive rocks, flung there by giant hands;  
Which seem awhile its force to overcome—  
But soon, like Samson, from Philistine bands,  
It bursts in triumph—nothing can avail,  
To check its serpent windings down the vale.



## XXX.

Here, on its banks, in robes of evergreen,  
The remnants of a forest yet remain—  
Here the tall oak, wood's monarch, still is seen  
Commingling with the ash and stately plane;  
Whose sires, in ages past, full oft had been  
A shelter to the fierce invading Dane:  
Here the wild holly and arbutus grow,  
And freshly bloom beneath a blighting snow.

## XXXI.

Here Nature's nursery productive seems,  
With rich variety of shrub and bush;  
And, in this lonely spot, for ever teems—  
As if to make Art's cultur'd gardens blush:  
Here have I fancied in my waking dreams,  
(And not the storms of life that thought could crush,  
Even though it were romantic to excess,)  
There bloom'd an Eden 'midst a wilderness.

## XXXII.

Now the broad glen presents unto the view

A rich succession of green meads and fields,

Replete with culture, varying in hue,

The cheering harvest ever thus it yields;

Which, the broad curtain of its mountains blue,

From the rough blasts of the equator shields—

Then, stretching eastward, forms an opening plain,

Scant boundary seeming to the foaming main.

## XXXIII.

On either side, arising from the sea,

The cliffs of Lurg and Garron high are seen ;

Which, with the angry surge, eternally

Wage dreadful war, and frown with haughty mien

On the audacious waves, (which wantonly

'Gainst these impervious barriers vent their spleen,)

And from their flinty sides, with proud disdain,

Dash them, “like dew-drops from the lion’s mane.”

## XXXIV.

Or, like the eagle, who'd been used to roam

On freedom's pinions through the trackless air—

At length unto his final bounds doth come,

A victim fallen unto the hunter's snare;

Maddening with rage, and chafing into foam,

Proudly disdains the bonds that hold him there,

And freedom seeks, with talons fierce, in vain—

Then sinks in calm despair, and eyes with grief his chain.

## XXXV.

Now evening closes round this peaceful vale—

Serenely, deeply, beautifully still !

The night-flowers ope, the falling dew t' inhale,

And silence reigns around o'er dale and hill;

The fanning zephyr's gentle breathings fail

The dew-drops gather'd in the leaves to spill—

The Sun's last ray had left the dark blue sea,

Whose face was smooth as polish'd glass could be.

## XXXVI.

The crimson flag that floated on the wall  
Of Redbay's high and castellated steep,<sup>9</sup>  
Hung lapp'd in lazy folds—and in the hall  
The wearied guards had flung them down to sleep;  
The horse was pent within his quiet stall—  
And not a groan resounded from the keep  
Of the deep, dark donjon—no sound could you hear,  
Save when the warder's tread struck dully on the ear.

## XXXVII.

Chaste Cynthia, stealing from her wat'ry bed,  
Shook off her maiden blushes in the deep;  
And now, risen splendid high o'er Garron's head,  
Shed her pale lustre 'long th' indented steep—  
And o'er the glen, uninterrupted, spread  
Her cheering beams, with bright, unclouded sweep:  
While each basaltic pile seem'd richer made,  
By the soft influence of light and shade.

## XXXVIII.

Delightful stillness, soother of the mind !

“ Oh how thy awful glory wraps the soul !”

How blest we feel, in thy sweet arms reclin'd,

When day's tumultuous troubles cease to roll,

And, in the circle of our homes, we find

Such heavenly stillness reigns without control ;

Shedding a healing balm our bosom's o'er,

Remembering day's heart-pressing griefs no more.

## XXXIX.

When all the wond'rous gifts of God we scan,

This is the dearest, sweetest, choicest, best,

That in his goodness he vouchsafes to man—

Which to appreciate is to be blest ;

Then, when our course on earth is nearly ran,

And we draw near to our eternal rest,

How blest are we, who, at the close of day,

Feel we've that peace which nought can take away.

## XL.

No sounds the deep, calm, dewy stillness breaks,  
Save the plaint whistle of the lone curlew,  
As 'long the beach his wand'ring flight he takes—  
Or the faint echo of the wild sea mew—  
Or the soft low the horn'd domestic makes,  
By distance mellow'd in the falling dew;  
The wearied peasant stretch'd him to repose,  
And drown'd in balmy sleep are all his woes.

## XLI.

But while around all Nature seem'd to rest,  
One troubled bosom could not find repose;  
His brain grew fever'd, and his mind distress—  
In vain his form from side to side he throws,  
To chase those visions from his tortured breast,  
That through his fitful slumbers ghastly rose—  
Then starts with horror to his trembling feet,  
With nerveless arm his phantom foes to meet.

## XLII.

“ God of my fathers ! have they found me here ? ”

Macdonald cried, as from his couch he flew ;

A moment paused he—all around was clear—

Then o’er his clay-cold brow his hand he drew,

Where stood distill’d the icy drops of fear—

And round a wild and hasty glance he threw—

While from his breast the blighting fiend, Despair,

Had cast out Hope, and ta’en possession there.

## XLIII.

(When James’s deeds had rung throughout the world,

And Vice and Superstition raised their head ;

And Glorious William, Freedom’s flag unfurl’d—

Beneath whose standard, Britain’s pride array’d,

From Britain’s throne the worthless despot hurl’d—

Macdonald join’d, but from his colours fled,

To assist the outcast monarch in his cause,

And here awhile sought shelter from the laws.)

## XLIV.

In deep, heart-searching thought, awhile he stood,  
With pulse quick throbbing and with scarce drawn breath;  
But in that moment of his musing mood,  
The recollection of his broken faith,  
(A feeling always hard to be subdued,)  
With all the certainty of chains or death,  
Roll'd like a torrent o'er his struggling soul—  
His senses drown'd, and agonized the whole.

## XLV.

Oh guilt! thou gaunt destroyer of all peace!  
When once thou gett'st possession of the mind,  
The balm of sweet repose meets its surcease;  
Thou rack'st the soul with thousand pangs combin'd,  
Nor will thy castigations ever cease—  
Asleep, awake—thy iron hand we find—  
And with it its own punishment it brings,  
And wounds the breast with worse than scorpion's stings!



## XLVL

With rapid strides he cross'd the chamber floor---

His flying feet scarce sounding on the stair;

An instant more, he gains the outer door,

And breathes the freshness of the midnight air:

With cautious eye he scans the court-yard o'er,

But nought he sees of hostile foemen there;

Yet still with sad forebodings he's oppress'd,

And gloom and terror reign within his breast.

## XLVII.

In careless folds his quick snatch'd night-dress hung

Around his manly form, as forth he stray'd;

An ample cloak was o'er his shoulders flung---

And, by his side, his oft and well-tried blade,

"*The ice-brook's temper*," quickly too was slung---

And, thus equipp'd, he wander'd through the glade;

But night's pure air, though cool, and clear, and calm,

Sooth'd not his soul with its refreshing balm.

## XLVIII.

In gloom and silence still he held his way,  
O'er dark'ning rocks, and hill, and dale, and stream;  
He could not lift his heart to Heaven to pray,  
His mind still dwelt on his distemper'd dream—  
But, like king Saul, when cast from grace away,  
Or Scotland's tyrant, in his last extreme—  
He sought, amidst the stillness of the grave,  
A hoary sibyl in her sea-worn cave.

## XLIX.

'Tis strange that man, in his extremity,  
When thoughts portentous press upon his soul,  
By Superstition blind, should turn and flee  
From Him whom all his actions should control;  
And seek his fate in dens of infamy,  
From "midnight hags," with wizard's wand and scroll:  
When all, who counsel from their spells have sought,  
Found soul and body to destruction brought.

## L.

Such beings lived in olden time, we know,

But not so now, thanks to our Legislature;

Who, with those instruments of fire and tow,

Have clear'd the earth from every wizard creature:

Or if they are, they scarcely ever show

Themselves or art in any shape or feature—

Lest they should be rewarded for their labour,

As others were—see “*Certain Causes Celebre.*”

## LL.

The Almighty, for some wise and wholesome ends,

From human minds has veil'd futurity;

Nor all the art to which man's power extends,

Can pierce the depths of that obscurity:

Or if he knew the fate that him attends,

Would such a knowledge make him sure that he

Could wait with strength his doom, and not be driven,

By fell Despair, to forfeit Earth and Heaven?

## LII.

Macdonald now stood trembling by the cave  
Of Wizard Mona, at the dead of night;  
He felt the damp chill moisture of the grave  
Creep o'er his frame, while fitful gleams of light,  
(Like *ignus fatuus* flitting o'er the wave,)  
Shot from the dwelling of this wayward sprite—  
And, 'long the cliffs, its lurid rays it shed,  
Like waning lamps in chambers of the dead.

## LIII.

Before the entrance of this cave were flung,  
In wild confusion, massive heaps of rock;  
Above its arch a dread portcullis hung,  
In awful wedges of basaltic block—  
Whose earth-bound fast'nings seem'd to be unstrung,  
By the rude force of many a tempest's shock:  
And, like the sword suspended by a thread,  
Frown'd in destruction o'er the intruder's head.

## LIV.

Macdonald paused another moment here—

His heart misgave him, as he thought upon  
The time, the place, his vision, and the fear

Which caused the visit—and to such a one;  
He felt the climax of his terror near,

But fear'd to know what most his soul dwelt on :  
And while these feelings thus his bosom wrung,  
In wild unmeasur'd strains the sibyl sung:—

## LV.

“ Low sleeps the ocean,  
The wind is at rest ;  
’Twill soon be in motion,  
And fierce o’er the breast  
Of the slumbering water  
In gusts it shall pass,  
And vengeance and slaughter  
Shall hide in their mass

The victims devoted—and volumes of flame  
Envelope their dwelling—and sunk be their name !

## LVI.

“ I’ve leagued with a tyrant,  
Well worthy is he,  
To be an aspirant  
For vengeance with me;  
By demon’s he’s fitted  
To act in my cause,  
His chargers are bitted,  
Not a moment he’ll pause:  
Unsated with blood, his fell minions won’t dare  
To shrink from his orders—a victim to spare !

## LVII.

“ I hear them, I hear them,  
As onward they come,  
Awaken to cheer them !  
Arise from the tomb  
Thou shade of Macquillan !  
My long murder’d lord !  
Not the blood of a million  
To me could afford  
The vengeance I burn’d for—and, ere I expire,  
Shall be mine—though my heart be consum’d in the fire !

## LVIII.

“ The Moon which rose splendid  
To-night from its bed,  
Ere her course shall be ended  
Must shine on the dead :  
The victims lie sleeping,  
No danger is known ;  
But soon they'll be weeping,  
And every groan,  
Though a life with it flow'd, shall be music to me,  
'Till on hated Macdonald avenged I shall be ! ”

## LIX.

A kind of stupor o'er Macdonald fell,  
As these wild accents struck upon his ear,  
Full of portentous meaning—like a knell  
It smote his heart with deep and sudden fear,  
And all his senses wrapt within its spell,  
Until he heard his name both loud and clear,  
Which like a flash upon his dark soul burst,  
Then spurning fear, he rush'd to know the worst.

## LX.

And bounding forward with a furious dash,  
He burst the fast'nings of the cavern door;  
Which yielded to his force with sudden crash,  
As yields the breach the battering shot before:  
An instant more, o'erpower'd by the first flash  
Of glaring light, he stood upon the floor;  
Then saw before him, through that lurid light,  
That living, ghost-like wizard of the night.

## LXI.

Want, misery and wo, had left their trace  
Upon her countenance, once bright and fair;  
A deep, dun tarnish'd hue, shone o'er her face—  
Her visage haggard, fleshless, worn and bare:  
Her once full eye shrunk from its former space—  
In matted locks neglected hung her hair;  
A scanty robe, (slight proof against the storm,)  
In tatters floated round her wither'd form.



## LXII.

A wild, unearthly scream, at first she sent,  
Which through the rocks in startling echoes flew—  
And then her form, palsied with age, and bent,  
Erect and sternly to its height she drew;  
And o'er Macdonald, quick as lightning, went  
Her keen dark eye, which seem'd to pierce him through—  
“Who dares t' intrude,” she cried, “at such an hour,  
To tempt my vengeance, and defy my power?”

## LXIII.

“I came not, Mona,” the intruder said,  
“To tempt thy vengeance or defy thy power;  
I only came to seek thy counsel's aid,  
In doubt and danger's dark and trying hour:  
A horrid dream has all my senses sway'd,  
(Such visions make the stoutest bosoms cower,)  
This night I saw to rapine, sword, and flame,  
Giv'n friends and fortune—hope—possessions—name!

## LXIV.

“ I now conjure thee, if that aught thou know,  
    To trifle not with me in this extreme;  
And I entreat—nay, more—command thee, show  
    If aught’s to fear from this portentous dream :  
And if I find thou’st leagued thee with my foe,  
    (As from thy mystic language it would seem,)  
I’ll drag thee hence, and”—“ Peace, weak man !” she said—  
“ First list and know me—then my vengeance dread !”

## LXV.

Her wan, transparent hand, was rais’d on high,  
    And in commanding attitude she stood ;  
Revenge and rage roll’d fearful in her eye—  
    A tigress foaming in her angry mood :  
Her features flash’d with wild demoniac joy,  
    And then a horrid fiendish laugh ensued ;  
And though life’s taper seem’d about t’ expire,  
She spoke with fierceness, frenzy, rage and fire.

## LXVI.

“ Look on me !—who am I ? ” she fiercely cried—

“ I know thou’lt say ’tis that detested hag,

Vile Mona—whom, in thy insulting pride,

From her sad hiding-place thou said’st thou’d drag ;

She who’s been hunted through the country wide,

And seeks for shelter, ’neath each brake and crag—

That wretched outcast, hated, shunn’d, forlorn—

Foul, filthy witch, whom all abhor and scorn !

## LXVII.

“ But, look again ! does nothing here remain

To show what I in other days have been ?

Have years of misery, grief, distress, and pain—

The sad companions of my every scene—

And persecution’s deeply-galling chain—

And anguish bitter, exquisite, and keen—

Left nought behind in this time-stricken frame

Of former greatness, gentle birth, or name ?

## LXVIII.

“ When Dunluce own’d Macquillan for its lord,  
Ere thy vile house had triumph’d o’er his fame;  
And chieftains throng’d around the festive board—  
Or, loud in praises of each courtly dame,  
Along the hall the minstrel’s song was pour’d—  
Of chief and bard, Adelia was the theme:  
Then menials bow’d, and Squires upheld my pride,  
And Nobles honour’d me—Macquillan’s Bride!

## LXIX.

“ But since that ‘aye accurs’d’ and fatal morn,  
When fell Dunluce, and its proud lord was slain—  
From whose pale corse no hand could have me torn,  
’Till madness seiz’d my wild, distracted brain—  
I wander’d forth, unpitied and forlorn,  
With vengeance boiling in my every vein:  
Depriv’d of rank, of wealth, of friends, of home—  
But retribution’s day at length has come.

## LXX.

“ For this I’ve waited, panted, watch’d and staid—  
For this I have endur’d, and could endure  
All earthly torments—and I’ve nightly pray’d  
For vengeance—sudden, full, complete and sure;  
For this my hopes of Heaven and bliss I’ve paid—  
For nought could draw me from that tempting lure:  
But the time is come, and the work is begun,  
And my labour of vengeance is nearly done !”

## LXXI.

Then, like a meteor shooting from its sphere,  
She flitted past, and vanish’d from the cave;  
In breathless wonder, paralyz’d with fear—  
His bosom bounding like the troubled wave—  
Macdonald stood—“ What did I see or hear?  
Am I awake, or did the sibyl rave?”  
At length he said, (for he had always deem’d  
Her nothing other than the thing she seem’d.)

## LXXII.

“ That wild, mysterious song, and the leagued foe—  
Can they be but her frenzy or her spleen?  
That high-wrought tale, abounding so in wo—  
Her lofty bearing, and her alter’d mein :—  
Yet one thing, Mona, still I wish to know,  
’Bove all I’ve dreaded, heard, or felt, or seen ;”  
He rais’d his head—but her he sought was gone—  
And he left musing, doubtful, and alone.

## LXXIII.

But, hark !—a sudden sound comes from afar,  
Fleet borne upon the pinions of the night !  
Is it that demon’s voice, the cry of war,  
That blasts and withers with a deadly blight ?  
Or that ill-omen’d bird, death’s harbinger,  
Whose deep foreboding note the soul doth fright ?  
Or but the hum of waters strike the ear ?  
Soft !—it grows louder, and approaches near !

## LXXIV.

'Tis Kirke who breaks the silence of the vale !

'Tis he, insatiate in his thirst for blood !

Whose deeds draw forth this wild heart-rending wail,

And ope's life's sluices for a crimson flood ;

Nor youth, nor sex, nor age, can aught avail—

Alike to him the guilty and the good :

Death's death-delighting demon, he seems sent

Guilt's chosen minister and instrument !

## LXXV.

'Tis he, the well-known murderer's at his play,

His *lambs*<sup>10</sup> are loosed to gambol at their will—

The unoffending, in their *sport*, they slay,

And, loud in mirth, laugh at the blood they spill ;

Not innocence itself the arm could stay

Of this inhuman monster, who'd fain fill

A place of honour in the niche of fame—

But living infamy hangs on his name.<sup>11</sup>

## LXXVI.

“Heavens! ’tis the sounds of wo that strike my ear!

Piercing the dead of night with its wild cry—

Filling the heart with deep and deadly fear;

Now the broad flashes, like Heaven’s lightning, fly—

Again the heart-sent night-shriek loud I hear

Respond to fitful bursts of musketry—

Now in broad swell arise from out the glen

The shrieks of women and the shouts of men!”

## LXXVII.

That sound, above all others, doth appal—

Its horror-striking power all must feel;

And man, who fears not the destructive ball,

And rushes coolly on the deadly steel,

And braves war’s din unshrinking, though he fall,

Shrinks from a female night-shriek’s awful peal:

That courier sent their deepest grief t’ express—

The heart’s dread minute gun—sad signal of distress!



## LXXVIII.

Macdonald's pulse throb'd quickly at the sound,

As on his ear its fearful echoes fell,

And through the rocks reverberated round ;

He guess'd, alas ! its awful cause too well,

And from the cavern sprung with furious bound :

While all within him raged a very hell—

And, like a mountain torrent in its force,

Which owns no stop to its impetuous course—

## LXXIX.

Or like a hound that snuffs the scent of blood,

And rushes swiftly on the stricken game,

He bounded fiercely over dale and flood ;

He heard the shrieks, and saw the mounting flame,

And soon by his once happy mansion stood :

But, in that little space, the spoiler came—

And Havoc took advantage of the time,

And did her work of ruin, death, and crime.

## LXXX.

He saw before him, sunk in ashes, lie  
His father's cheerful, hospitable dome;  
The vivid flames shoot forth in columns high—  
Down blazing rafters in confusion come—  
And inmates, not suspecting treachery,  
All basely butcher'd in their native home:  
Pitying angels! Why not stay the blow,  
And save that spectacle of human wo?

## LXXXI.

Here, in cold death, was stretch'd the aged sire—  
Bleeding and breathless, by his hearth he lay,  
Where late had burn'd the ever-cheering fire;  
Silent that tongue that bid the stranger stay—  
Wife, children, all—that night to the desire  
Of this cold-blooded monster fell a prey:  
E'en the rude soldiers dropp'd a pitying tear,  
At the destruction that abounded here.<sup>12</sup>

## LXXXII.

The monster Kirke now stood before the pile—  
To call him man would stain the human race—  
His features kindled with a hellish smile,  
And savage mirth play'd o'er his grizzled face,  
Less mark'd by time, than climate, war and toil,  
(For e'en on youth they leave their lasting trace,)  
A fiend he seem'd of that infernal brood,<sup>15</sup>  
From Fury sprung and Pain, and nurs'd in blood.

## LXXXIII.

Macdonald saw himself beset with foes,  
And on him sternly fix'd Kirke's evil eye;  
Around a wall of bayonets arose,  
Yet still he spurn'd the thought to yield or fly;  
And, for a moment, rage had check'd his woes,  
As gleam'd his wrathful sword for vengeance high:  
And, like the stag, he stood at fearful bay—  
Though death surrounds him, dying he may slay.

## LXXXIV.

“Infernal miscreant, yet shalt thou feel,”

(He fiercely said, his soul with madness stung,)

“The force and vengeance of my deadly steel,”

And, like a tiger, furiously he sprung;

Kirke felt the shock, which forced him back to reel,

As if a bolt from Jove’s red flash were flung—

His casque is riven by that tremendous blow,

And gushing forth the crimson torrents flow.

## LXXXV.

The blow had stunn’d him, but had not subdued—

He now return’d him with redoubled might,

And quick the wrathful combat he renewed;

And for awhile all doubtful seem’d the fight,

As, close in strife, the vengeful chieftains stood,

So valiantly did each maintain his right—

But he who ne’er had shrunk in battle’s hour,

Now felt the force of young Macdonald’s power.

## LXXXVI.

Kirke's sand of life had all but nearly run,

His blood-bought honours sunk into the shade—

And set for ever was his glorious sun,

If true had proved Macdonald's treacherous blade;

Accursed steel!—what has thy falsehood done?

A fierce and deadly blow at Kirke he made,

Who reel'd—and from his numb'd and nerveless hand,

Was hurl'd, with force, his deeply blood-stain'd brand.

## LXXXVII.

Alas! that blow which forced the foe to reel,

Had now for ever seal'd his own dark fate!

In shivers flies his false, unworthy steel,

On whose keen edge he deem'd that victory sate—

Kirke's flashing pistol rings a thund'ring peal,

Made tenfold deadly by revenge and hate;

Fast flies the hissing messenger of death—

Sinks proud Macdonald, gasping forth his breath.

## LXXXVIII.

He lay extended on a sloping mound,  
And life seem'd fled without a struggling sigh,  
But soon return'd with strife—and from the ground  
Half rais'd his writhing form—and held on high  
His hand, to which, by death's firm grasp, was bound  
The fragment of his blade, whose treachery  
Had thus consign'd him to a sudden grave,  
Without a friend to succour or to save.

## LXXXIX.

Alas ! 'twas but the combating with death !  
Life's last great effort, ere its flight it took—  
Fast sinks the pulse, and quickly ebbs the breath !  
But, ere the soul its tenement forsook,  
'Pon the red embers, that lay sunk beneath,  
He cast a long and melancholy look ;  
And, while he gazed on all that once was dear,  
A hellish laugh of scorn burst on his ear.

## XC.

He turn'd his head, and saw before him stand,  
With savage exultation on her brow,  
The haggard form of Mona—in her hand,  
Employ'd in devastation's work but now,  
She grasp'd the fragment of a reeking brand—  
Her eyeballs with a hellish triumph glow—  
“Revenge—Revenge!” she cried, “is all my own—  
But incomplete, while yet is due one groan!”

## XCI.

These words with fearful vehemence she said,  
And waved her blazing torch with madness high,  
In frantic revolutions round her head;  
But while she pierced the air with her wild cry,  
Death o'er Macdonald his dark mantle spread,  
And set his seal for ever on his eye—  
“My long, deep debt of vengeance now is paid,  
And thou'rt appeas'd, august Macquillan's shade!”

## XCII.

She said, as from this heart-distressing scene,  
With blood full gorg'd she turn'd herself away,  
As turn's the lion from the banquet keen,  
And leaves the fragments for the jackal's prey;  
And nought of her hath since been heard or seen,  
Or, so at least the wondering peasants say—  
But still each night, in fearful tales, they tell  
How Mona vanish'd, and Macdonald fell.

## XCIII.

This was a "sorry night"—Kirke "murder'd sleep,"  
And desolation he has spread around;  
Destruction here his holyday did keep,  
And blood for vengeance rises from the ground:  
At man's presumption e'en the angels weep—  
The bleeding victims pity here have found—  
A mournful sound across the heavens ran,  
As these bless'd spirits kindly wept for man.



## XCIV.

Oh Man ! in brief authority but drest,  
How dost thou tempt the vengeance of high Heaven !  
Th' Almighty's province from his hand doth wrest,  
When but some petty power to thee is given :  
Nor dream thou art thyself a worm at best,  
And to the worms' banquet room thou shalt be driven ;  
'Tis Nature's debt—'twere well to learn in time,  
And check the swelling of this sea of crime.

## XCV.

Grow pale, thou Moon ! enwrap thee in a shroud—  
Hide thy chaste, blushing face, nor deign to peep ;  
Thou forked lightning, flash—peal thunder, loud—  
And foam thou raging billows of the deep !  
Drop tears of anguish every pitying cloud—  
Let all the pure and heavenly bodies weep ;  
Let the rough winds be even drown'd in tears—  
And shake, thou mighty firmament, the spheres !

## XCVI.

Aurora, fair ! ope not the gates of day—

Arise thou not from out Tithonus' bed ;

Hide, blushing dawn, thy soul-inspiring ray,

Nor on this sinful world thy glories shed :

“ Skart up the tender eye of pitiful day,”

To hide the murder of the bleeding dead ;

“ Come sealing night,” thy darkening mantle throw,

And hide, oh hide, another dire Glenco !

## XCVII.

The timid Earth cast forth a vapoury sail,

Which hung suspended in the middle air ;

And spread its deep, dense curtain o'er the vale,

Lest “ angels, trumpet-tongued,” should loud declare  
The fated victims' heart-distressing tale,

And demons' deeds that Man had acted there :

And all the atmosphere seem'd pall'd in dun,

To hide Earth's blushes from the noon-day Sun.

## XCVIII.

Here my chaste muse will now no longer stay—  
Heart-sick with scenes of death, she upward flies;  
And, on the beams of morning, takes her way  
Across the vaulted arch of Heaven's blue skies,  
And hopes for peaceful scenes, where she may stray  
Awhile, secure from grief, distress, and sighs:  
But vain her hope—alas! Man's primal fall  
Has brought the serpent's trail upon us all.

## XCIX.

And down the glen, on meditation's wing,  
She gently glides, seeking a once loved spot,  
Where Peace her songs was ever wont to sing;  
But feature-changing Time, which spareth nought,  
His faded garment did around it fling—  
And, like a dove that wander'd from her cot,  
With wearied wing through trackless air she ranged—  
Sad search!—she found it, but she found it changed!

## C.

What bitter changes in that little space,  
    (And little space indeed's the life of Man,)  
To harrow up the feelings, had ta'en place,  
    As Time, with rapid strides, his course he ran;  
Of what has been there scarce remains a trace,  
    The general fate of all the works we plan—  
They'll change, and fritter, 'till this mighty world  
In one vast conflagration shall be hurl'd.

## CL.

And Man, whate'er thou art on Earth's round ball,  
    To this conclusion thou at last shalt come!  
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," thou'lt fall,  
    And in the general rendezvous, that dome  
"Appointed for all living," at the call  
    Of this vast world's Founder, travel home;  
The spirit unto Him that first it gave,  
And thou'lt to atoms moulder in the grave.

## CVI.

Lady of Noble birth ! art thou too gone !

And with thy mighty ancestors laid low ?

Could not some other, and less useful one,

Cram Death's gorg'd jaws, that seem'd to overflow ?

Thou whom the wretched all depended on—

“ Good without effort—great without a foe !”

Or hast thy Maker, to his heavenly home

Remov'd thee from the ill that is to come ?

## CVII.

Here have I seen, in youth and beauty, shine

A little innocent and tender flower—

And brightly bloom 'neath morning's ray divine ;

But, like a lily drooping in a shower,

She bow'd her head, and withering in decline,

Beneath the tyrant's all-destroying power,

In silence sunk into her cold dark grave,

As sinks the Sun behind the deep dark wave.

## CVIII.

Oh she was amiable and good, as fair !

Pure in her very thought—but she “ sleeps well ;”

No more shall sorrow, pain, or grief, or care,

Ring in her ears their deep, discordant knell :

Now bride and mother—now where angels are—

She beam'd a moment brightly ere she fell,

Like a rainbow i' the morning, 'till an envious cloud

Obscur'd her brilliant form, and wrapt it in a shroud !

## CIX.

Deserted spot ! how alter'd is the scene

From what I knew thee once—my thoughts fill

With recollections of what thou has been ;

And as I gaze, I feel my bosom thrill

With all th' associations that rush in,

And drop by drop their sweetness doth instill :

For not a tree, a flower, a shrub, or stone,

But brings some sweet reflection of its own.

## CX.

From this, the old have ta'en their long, last flight,  
To th' unknown regions of eternity;  
They with their fathers sleep in endless night,  
A state in which ourselves must one day be:  
The young, like stars upon the heavenly height,  
Are scatter'd far and wide, o'er land and sea;  
And each, like them, their various stations fill,  
'Till summon'd home by their Creator's will.

## CXI.

Here I found faithful, true, and generous friends—  
But the camp is broken and the host is gone;  
To this conclusion Man's course ever tends—  
And those companions that still linger on,  
(When God his dreadful summons to us sends,)  
Shall with me pass to an eternal home:  
And thus it ever to the end shall be—  
Such changes as we've seen, our sons shall see.

## CXII.

And now, my own loved, beauteous vale, farewell !

The power is fled that charm'd me here to stay ;

But, in my fond remembrance, thou shalt dwell

In firmest bonds, 'till life's last closing day :

Not e'en the withering hand of Time shall quell

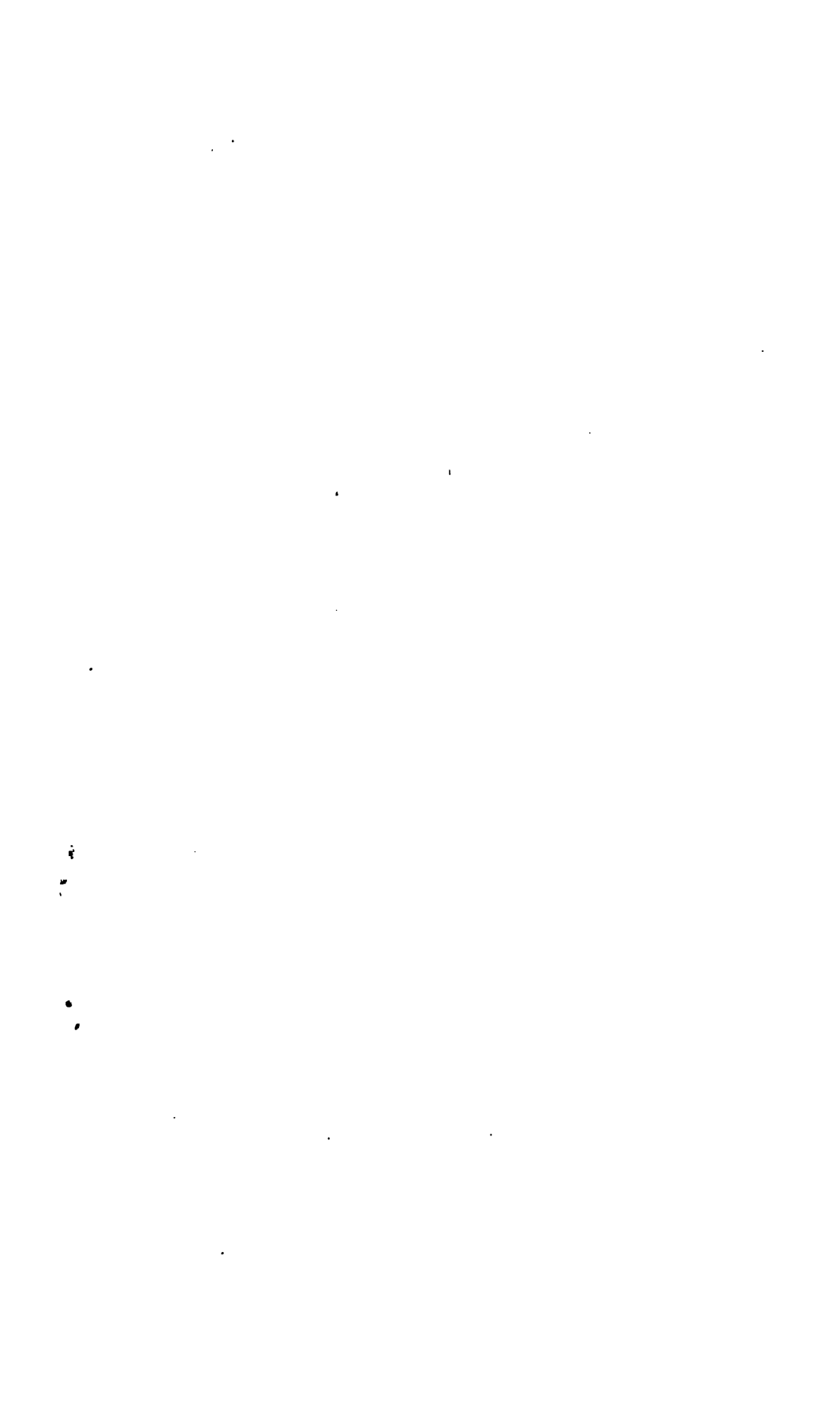
That feeling, though all others pass away—

But, like thy never-fading shrubs, be seen

To last like them, in ever-blooming green !

THE END.





## **NOTES TO CANTO I.**



## NOTES TO CANTO I.

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### NOTE 1, PAGE 5, STANZA VIII.

*And hunt me down, as sharks would hunt a gravel.*

THE proper spelling of this word, (which is the name given to young salmon,) is *grisle*, though always pronounced as I have done in the text. I am not certain that salmon are found in those seas which sharks inhabit; at all events, the simile appears to me a good one, and as Lord Byron talks of the jackals in the Siege of Corinth, and afterwards acknowledges, in a note, that "in Greece he never saw or heard of those animals," I think I may be fairly allowed the same kind of poetical license in bringing the shark into our, or the salmon into his seas, as his Lordship has taken in transplanting the jackal from Asia.

## NOTE 2, PAGE 7, STANZA XII.

*From Oldfleet Castle, down to dark Dunluce.*

THIS castle, which is called *Olderfleet*, is situated at the entrance of the Larne harbour. It was here that Edward Bruce landed, in the Spring of 1315, from a fleet of barks, 6,000 men, which, being joined by the Irish, committed great ravages upon the English settlers.—Dubourdieu's Statistical Survey, page 481.

## NOTE 3, PAGE 7, STANZA XII.

*Here Dane and Scot, and fierce Hibernian bled,  
And mimic mountains still point out the dead.*

THESE mounds, called cairns, are very numerous in Ireland, and are generally supposed to be the tombs of the great and leading chiefs who fell there, in those days of "broil and battle," of which our unhappy country had long been the melancholy scene. They are found in the interior of North America—(Berthram's Travels.) Siberia, and other Northern Countries—(Bell's Travels through Siberia.) They are also common in Scotland, and are believed to be sepulchral piles—(Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.) The Highlanders, who retain ancient customs and phrases longer than their Lowland neigh-

bours, still allude to the practice, in a saying which they consider complimentary to the heads of their clans, "*I will add another stone to your cairn.*" Herodotus, who flourished four hundred years before Christ, speaking of the tombs the Scythians raised for their kings, says—  
 "They laboured earnestly to raise as high a mound for them as possible." In a translation of Lucan, you will find him alluding to the custom in the following passage:—

"Under a mountain, raised by hands, they keep  
 Kings' sacred ashes in eternal sleep."

And you will find it thus referred to in the *Iliad*:—

"High in the midst, they heap the swelling bed  
 Of rising earth, memorial of the dead."



Achilles, in his grief for Patroclus, wishing himself to be under the same mound with his friend, says—

"In a gold vase, with double cauls enclos'd,  
 Place we his bones, 'till mine are there depos'd.  
 I will not now a mighty mound upraise—  
 Your's be that hallow'd charge, in after days;  
 Ye, the survivors of our hapless doom,  
 Here the large mound extend, and pile a loftier tomb."

*Sotheby's Homer.*

And we find the venerable Priam, after having appeased the wrathful Achilles, suing for a cessation of arms, until

the funeral ceremonies of Hector could be performed, saying—

“ For nine days him shall we bewail in the house ;  
 But on the tenth day we would bury him, and let the people  
 have the funeral banquet :  
 On the eleventh day we would erect a mound upon him.”  
*North's Homer—Blackwood's Mag. for Feb., 1832, p. 172.*

Hamilton, in his *Letters on the Coast of Antrim*, page 131, says—“ A number of small tumuli were lately opened in a little plain about the middle of the island, (Raghery,) probably the monuments of so many heroes who, in former ages, had fallen honourably in this very field of battle. The chief himself lay in a stone coffin, and beside him an earthen vessel stood, which, by the residuum still visible, seemed formerly to have contained an offering of blood, or some perishable animal substance. Within the tumuli lay a considerable number of human bones, the remains of more ignoble men who might have fallen by the like fate of war.” The above passage has been corroborated by Lieutenant-General Cuppage, of the East India Company's Service, who has just told me that, when a boy, he was present at the opening of those tumuli alluded to, and saw their contents, which, he said, were exactly as Mr. Hamilton has described them. There is a cairn at Cushendun, called *Cruik na Dhuine*, said to be

erected over Charles O'Neill, a chieftain of note, who was slain there by a Highlander. It has lately been very much beautified by Michael Harrison, Esq., in whose grounds it is situated. There have, however, been many cairns erected for other purposes than sepulchres. There is one on the west side of Throstan, (the mountain spoken of in the Introduction,) the property of the Reverend Alexander Macaulay, called *Castlin Sourlebuoy*, erected as a memorial of the Macaulays of the Glens having invited Sourlebuoy and his men, after the battle of Aura, which they were mainly instrumental in gaining for him, to an entertainment that lasted four days. We also read of a cairn, or heap, being erected by Jacob as a covenant between him and Laban—Genesis, chap. xxxi., from the 44th verse to the end of the chapter.

## NOTE 4, PAGE 7, STANZA XIII.

*Than this famed "habitation on the water."*

IN the ancient divisions of Ireland, that part of the County of Antrim towards the South and South-west was denominated Dalaradia; the Western and North-western parts were named Dalriada; and the whole was said to have been called Andrium, or Endrium, that is, *The habitation upon the waters*. On inspecting the map, it



will be seen that the County of Antrim is nearly surrounded by water.—Dubourdieu's Stat. Sur. page 3.

NOTE 5, PAGE 11, STANZA XXI.

*For nought but dusky speculations rise,  
And doubtful guessing Hist'ry's place supplies.*

ALONG the coast of the County of Antrim are the ruins of several ancient castles, many of them very difficult of access, and must have been places of great strength before the use of artillery. The castle of Dunluce is the most striking ruin of all those along this coast, or indeed, perhaps, in Ireland. The mansion-house and offices, which are of later date than the other part of the building, are situated on the mainland; the castle itself stands upon an insulated rock, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, to the height of about three hundred feet. Within the rock is a spacious cavern, answering in thrilling echoes to the never-ceasing murmurings of its surrounding sea. Its walls, which are built of columnar basalt, deeply marked with the mellow tints of time, seem in some places to project, or stand without any foundation, beyond its original base, owing to the rock's decay. At first sight it has the appearance of an extensive pile of ruins, and gives the idea of a destroyed village; but, on a closer inspec-

tion, it becomes truly striking and majestic, and particularly so when viewed from the sea at its base. There is a vast chasm between the buildings on the mainland and the fortress, over which is the remains of a narrow arch like a wall, and to which there appears to have formerly been another wall, of a similar structure, running parallel, and that when both walls were connected by boards, a passage was formed for the accommodation of the garrison. Various opinions have been hazarded as to the original founder of Dunluce Castle, but they have been all generally "*smothered in surmise*," and nothing but doubtful guessing remains.

Hamilton says, (see his Antrim, page 62,) "The original lord of this castle and its territories was an Irish chief, called M'Quillan, of whom little is known, except that, like most of his countrymen, he was hospitable, brave, and improvident—unwarily allowing the Scots to grow in strength, until they contrived to beat him out of all his possessions." And Dr. Drummond says, (Notes to his Giant's Causeway, page 136,) "The name of the founder of this castle is lost in the stream of time. De Courcy is said to have pursued his conquests in Ulster as far as Dunluce; and, as he was the builder of numerous castles, it is not improbable that he laid the first foundation of this edifice, and that it was afterwards enlarged and im-

proved by the M'Quillans and Macdonalds." Cox says, "It was taken from the English by Daniel M'William, (M'Quillan,) Anno 1513; and that it was held by him, or his posterity, till it fell into the possession of the Macdonalds." They, however, made themselves obnoxious to Queen Elizabeth and her Government, and, in 1584, the castle was besieged and taken from them by Sir John Perrot—a description of which will be found in the Introduction to this work.

NOTE 6, PAGE 13, STANZA XXIV.

*The num'rous isles, from Islay round to Skye,  
From time unknown, as History records.*

THE clan Macdonald is undoubtedly one of the most ancient in Scotland, and can, by incontrovertible evidence, be traced back to as remote a period as that of any other family in that country. Some of the Highland Senachies (bards, or genealogists to great families,) trace the genealogy of the Macdonalds from Godfrey, the son of Fergus M'Eyre, who, they say, became founder of the Scottish Kingdom; and they deduce Godfrey from Coun-Cead-Chattach, (Con of the hundred battles,) King of Ireland. Coun-Cead-Chattach is said to have reigned in Ireland

about the beginning of the second century. Erc, or Eirc, a lineal descendant of Conn, left three sons, Feargus, Lavrne, and Angus, who being deprived of their possessions by Olchu, their father's brother, according to the laws of Tanestry, (Laws of the Thanes,) conducted, A.D. 503, a colony to Cantire, in Argyleshire. It is not recorded whether they conquered Cantire and the neighbouring country, or that they possessed it by the consent of the inhabitants; but it was divided into three parts—Feargus got Cantire, Lavrne got Lorn, and Angus got the island of Islay. Angus lived but a short time; he was succeeded by his son Murechad, who married his cousin Erca, the daughter of Lavrne. Murechad left one daughter, who married her cousin Godfrey, son of Feargus, by which marriage the lands of Cantire and the island of Islay came to be united under one chief. Feargus had an elder son named Domangart, from whom several of the Scottish Kings are descended, and particularly Kenneth Macalpin, who, in 843, conquered the Picts. After this conquest, the seat of the empire of the Scottish Kings was transferred to Scone; and the descendants of Godfrey, the second son of Feargus, and of his wife Erca, were allowed to retain their possessions in Cantire, which they gradually extended, and at length assumed the title of “Kings of the Isles, and Lords of Argyle and Cantire.”

From this Godfrey, the family of Macdonald is lineally descended.\*

There is an old Manuscript called "Leabhar Dearg," or Red Book of Clanranald, written, at different periods, by the Senachies or bards of the Clanranald family—the last part of it by M'Murrick, bard to Clanranald, and the last of the Celtic bards, about the year 1680. This book gives an account of the origin of the Macdonalds, and also contains the traditional stories of the country. According to this Manuscript—"Ochaisius Duibhlin, son to Corbredus Leihmechair, son to Cormachus, son to Arthur, son to the most illustrious Conn-Cead-Chattach, that is, Centimachus, so called from his having fought one hundred battles, had three renowned sons, viz. Coll Wais, Coll da Chrioch, and Coll Mean. Coll Wais reigned in Ireland fifteen years, when Mauritius, his cousin-german, began to usurp his kingdom: the king, Coll Wais, in conjunction with his brothers, was obliged to come to battle, wherein the usurper Mauritius proved victorious; the consequence was, that Coll fled into Scotland, where, for eminent ser-

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\* This account is taken from Father Innes's Critical Dissertations; Chalmers's Caledonia; Dr. Smith, of Campbeltown; and Monro's, Dean of the Isles, Account of the Isles, in 1549, &c.

deeds done to the King, he got large possessions. Some time thereafter there happened a contest between Mauritius and the Prince of Ulster, which obliged the former, notwithstanding the discord between him and the exiles Coll Wais and his brothers, to apply for their assistance against his enemies, who, rendering good for evil, complied with the request, and went with all their followers to Ireland, where a bloody battle was fought, in which the Prince of Ulster and his two brothers were slain, and Mauritius obtained a complete victory. Coll da Chrioch and Coll Mean settled in Ireland, having Ulster and the half of Connaught assigned to them for the great services done to Mauritius; but Coll Wais returned to Scotland, in order to settle there on his own lands: in about nine years afterwards he went to visit his friends, and died in Ireland about the year 337. The ancestors of Coll Wais, back to Conn-Cead-Chattach, were called Siol Chuinn, or the progeny of Constantine; and the descendants Coll Wais to Result M'Somhairle (Ranald the son of Somerlett) were surnamed Siol Cholla. Coll Wais left four sons, the eldest of whom was named Ochaius, who was succeeded by Carranus; Carranus was succeeded by Eric, Eric by Mainus, Mainus by Fergus, Fergus by Godfrey, Godfrey by Neill, Neill by Suimkua, Suimkua by Mearradha, Mearradha by Solamh or Solomon, Solo-

mon by Galen or Gillodhunnan, Galen by Gilbride, Gilbride by Somhairle or Somerlett, Somerlett by Reginald or Ranald, all named Siol Cholla, or the descendants of Coll Wais, and not Macdonalds, up to Coll Wais. Reginald was succeeded by Donald, from whom is the origin of the name of Macdonald."—Leabhar Dearg.

From the foregoing authority, we find the original name of this clan to be Macdonald. Why that branch of it which came to Ireland changed the name to M'Donnell, I do not know; another branch, Glengarry, I believe, spell the name M'Donell. I have in my poem kept the original one, both from its being original, and, as I conceive, having a better sound.

The first of this family that assumed the title of King of the Isles, &c., was Somerlett, who flourished about the middle of the twelfth century; they must, however, have been a powerful clan long before that period. Shakespeare alludes to them in the following passage in *Macbeth*, which must be about the beginning of the eleventh century:—

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“Doubtful it stood:  
 As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
 And choke their art. The merciless Macdonald!  
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,  
 The multiplying villanies of nature  
 Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supplied:  
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
 Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;  
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
 Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,  
 Till he faced the slave;  
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chops,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements."

Somerlett's territories embraced almost all Argyleshire, and the whole Western Coast of Inverness and Ross-shires. He was a man possessing great abilities, both as a general and a statesman, and governed his people with much judgment. His ambition was so unbounded, his power and resources so immense, that, from the many conquests he had made, he became at length the terror of the Scottish King. It is mentioned that in the early part of his life he assisted the King of Denmark in his wars in Sweden, and distinguished himself so much, that Efrica, daughter of Olaus, King of Man, was given him in marriage. He compelled Godred, King of Man, to cede to him not only the Islands of Mull, and all those North of Cantire, but the whole of the Islands of Scotland North-west of the point of Ardnamurchan—(Chronicles of Man.) The immense accession which Somerlett acquired by the



conquest of the Isles, the extensive territories which he possessed on the main-land, joined with his warlike disposition, made the King and Nobles of Scotland look upon him with a jealous eye. He designed himself King and Prince of the Isles, Lord of Argyle and Cantire, and acknowledged no superior. In the Chronicles of Man, and Annals of Ulster, he is uniformly stiled *Rex Insularum*, or King of the Isles. In the year 1164, he made war with King Malcolm the Fourth; and when Malcolm sent a message to him, offering him pardon for all his offences if he would give up the whole of his territory on the main-land, and content himself with the Islands, he drew his sword in presence of the messenger, and said, "This shall end our dispute." He met the King's army at Renfrew, where they fought a bloody battle, and he and his son Gillicalane were slain—(Crawford' Peerage.)

He left two sons, Reginald and Dugald. Reginald succeeded his father in the title of King and Lord of the Isles, and Lord of Argyle and Cantire, and to all his extensive territories, except the lands of Lorn, Morven, Ardnamurchan, and the small Islands attached, which he gave to Dugald, his second son, from whom sprung the powerful house of Lorn—(Leabhar Dearg.)

The Highland genealogists count twenty-four chiefs in

direct succession from Somerlett, besides numerous collateral branches. The first of these was Reginald above-mentioned, who, immediately after his father's death, designed himself King of the Isles, and Lord of Argyle and Cantire; and at no period of his life did he ever acknowledge the superiority of the Kings of Scotland—(Chronicles of Man.) Reginald was succeeded by his eldest son, Donald; from this great man the surname of Macdonald was adopted, and has uniformly been continued by the clan. Prior to his death, which happened about the year 1252, he settled upon his second son, Alexander, certain lands west of Cantire; from him the families of Macalister of the Loup, the Earls of Stirling, and the other Alexanders in the South of Scotland, are descended—(Biographical Peerage, 1808.) One of them went to Ireland, from whom are descended the Earls of Caledon, who use the arms of the Macdonalds. Donald was succeeded by Angus, called Angus Moir, or Great Angus. Angus left three sons—1st, Alexander, who succeeded; 2d, Donald; 3d, John, from whom the M'Eans of Ardnamurchan, and many of the families of Johnstone are descended; 4th, Duncan, from whom the Robertsons of Struen, and others of the clan Donachy. From the Robertsons are descended the Earl of Portmore, who changed his name from Robertson to Colyer—(Biographical Peer-

age, 1804); and also Robertson, Lord Rokeby, in Ireland —(Lodge's Peerage of Ireland.) Angus, as I said, was succeeded by his son Alexander, and Alexander by his son Angus Oig, or Young Angus. Some of the most interesting events in the history of Scotland took place in this man's life, throughout the whole course of which he was a warm and steady supporter of Robert Bruce. This Angus was the Lord of the Isles whom Sir Walter Scott has chosen for the hero of his beautiful poem of that name, but whose name he has changed, for the sake of euphony, to Ronald. He was a man of great bravery and abilities, which, at different periods, he displayed to an eminent degree. Born to princely territories, and living in an age of anarchy and confusion, he not only preserved entire his dominions, but greatly added to the renown and glory of his ancestors. When Bruce fled from his enemies, in the midst of danger and distress, scarcely knowing who to trust, he, after many hardships, at last arrived at the castle of Dunaverty, the residence of Angus, where he was most kindly received, and hospitably entertained. Having continued there for some time, Angus accompanied him to the Island of Raghery, (which at that time belonged to him,) where he might be more secure from the persecutions of his enemies; there he left him, and returned to Cantire, where he spread a report that

the King was dead, and in the meantime used every exertion secretly to draw together a body of troops; by this friendly assistance of Angus Oig, Bruce was able to leave his retreat in the following Spring, and undertake some enterprise of importance. When Edward's powerful army, according to Robertson 200,000, and Buchanan 100,000 strong, were on their march from Berwick to Stirling, immediately on the eve of the battle of Bannockburn, Bruce ordered his friends and subjects to assemble at Torwood, near Falkirk, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Angus, on whose aid he relied much, but who was so long in coming (he having to assemble his men from all the different Islands, as well as from his territories on the main-land) that Douglas and the other friends of Bruce began to doubt his faith, but saw no prospect of success without him. This they hinted to Bruce, who, confident in his friendship, and aware of the difficulties he had to encounter from the extent of his possessions, entertained no doubt of his coming. Angus at length arrived, bringing with him 8000 men, inured to hardships, accustomed to dangers, and many of them old friends of Bruce. On the arrival of Angus, Bruce explained to him the doubts which had been entertained of his coming up in time, but added, "*My hope is constant in thee.*" This generous expression of confidence was assumed as, and

continues to be, the motto by the lineal representatives of the family—(Historical and Genealogical Account of the Clan.) Scott alludes to this remarkable expression in “The Lord of the Isles,” in the following lines:—

“ Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee  
Is firm as Ailsa rock.”

*Canto VI., page 261.*

(See also Sir Walter’s note on the passage.) The troops of Angus, and Bruce’s own men of Carrick, on whom he placed the greatest confidence, formed the reserve, which the King himself commanded, on which occasion he was attended closely by Angus.

“ Sir Angus of the Isles and Bute alswea,  
And of the plain lands, he ha mae  
Of armed men, a noble rout,  
In battle stalwart was and stout.  
He said the rear guard he would maw,  
And even before him should gae  
The vanguard, and, on either hand,  
The other battle should be gangand,  
Behind ane side a little space;  
And the King, that behind them was,  
Should see where there was maist mister (need),  
And there relieve them with his banner.”

*Barbour’s Bruce, page 232.*

After the battle of Bannockburn, Angus returned to his own country, and the faithful services he had rendered to Bruce were not forgotten. Notwithstanding, the King

conceived that his possessions were too extensive and his power too great for any one man to be invested with; and, when he was dying, he left an advice to his successors, "Not to let any man solely command the Æbudæ, or Western Isles, being to be feared by their power at sea." —(Drummond's History of Scotland.) Angus married Finvola (Flora), daughter of O'Cahan, an Irish Prince. It is said he would not accept any dowry with her, but insisted on having the sons of twenty-four of O'Cahan's chief vassals to be settled within his territory, and married to daughters of vassals of his own. This was agreed to, and from these men descended many tribes, all of whom originally took the name of Macdonald, and still conceive themselves to be of that clan, viz.—the M'Lellans, M'Kyes, M'Eacherna, M'Gillesces, M'Millans or M'Gillevoils, M'Cormicks, M'Gillemoires, M'Duffas, M'Fees, and M'Cains—(Doctor M'Pherson, and Leabher Dearg.) Angus left two sons—John, who succeeded; and John Oig, called John of the Heath, from whom came the family of Macdonald of Glencoe. Many of this family took the name of Johnston, or Johnson. John, the eldest son of Angus, who succeeded, was called the seventh and last King of the Isles, and Lord of Argyle and Cantire, from his being the first who acknowledged the sovereignty of the King of Scotland, to whom he swore allegiance.

When the Scottish chiefs and nobles assembled a powerful body of Highlanders, and went to the aid of the French King, John was among the number; and, in the famous battle of Poitiers, was taken prisoner by the Black Prince, and was conveyed to England. He was allowed, however, to return to Scotland to redeem himself, which he accordingly did. John married a relation of his own, Amie, daughter of Roderick, (grandson of Roderick, second son of Reginald, King of the Isles,) who was a contemporary of Angus Oig, and assisted him in all his undertakings in support of Robert Bruce. He was one of those nobles who, when Bruce, jealous of the power of his Barons, demanded them to produce their charters, simultaneously drew their swords, and said—"We carry our charters in our right hands." His sons dying without issue, Amie became sole heiress of all his possessions. By her John had five sons and a daughter:—1st, Reginald, or Ranald, who carried down the regular line of succession; 2d, John, called John Moir of Islay, from whom the great and powerful clan of Ian-vor of Islay, the Earls of Antrim, and other Macdonalds in Ireland are descended; 3d, Alexander, from whom the once powerful and distinguished family of Keppoch. John married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of Robert the Second, King of Scotland, by whom he had one son and one daughter:—1st,

Donald, who married Margaret, heiress of the earldom of Ross, of whom the Earls of Ross, 'till their attainder, and now Lord M'Donald; and, 2d, Elizabeth, who married William, Earl of Sanderland, who had been previously married to Margaret, daughter of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. John settled on the issue of his second marriage the lands of Cantire and Lochaber, together with the Islands of Colonsay and Skye. John's eldest son, Reginald, who succeeded him, became possessed of the lands of the district of Moidart and Castle of Island-tirram, the districts of Arasaig and Morour, and the district of Knoydart, the Islands of Egg, Rum, Uist, (which embraced North and South Uist, and Benbecula,) the Castle of Vynevawle, or Benbecula, the Islands of Barr, and the Island of Herries, the lands of Lochy, Kilmald, and Locharkaig. The title of "King of the Isles, and Lord of Argyle and Cantire," died with John; all his successors were called "Chiefs of the family of Macdonald." —(Historical and Genealogical Account of the Clan.)

The power of the Kings of the Isles was inconceivably great. There is an epitaph upon one of the tomb-stones of the family in Icolmkill, which emphatically expresses the opinion they themselves had of their strength, "*Macdonuil fato hic*,"—No power but that of fate could lay Macdonald here.



Robert the Second, during the whole time he governed the kingdom, either for King David or himself, saw the necessity of checking the power of the Lords of the Isles. To attack that power openly, he knew would be fruitless; and it was, perhaps, one of the wisest acts in his reign, that he persuaded his son-in-law, John, to divide his territories. That act, however, proved the ruin of the power of the Macdonalds, who, from being governed by one independent prince, suddenly divided themselves into various septs. Even these septs gave the greatest uneasiness to the crown; many fruitless expeditions were made against them, but the whole power of Scotland could not bring them to obedience. The septs, or clans, that existed after the death of John, last King of the Isles, were the clan Ranald, the clan Donald, the clan Ian-vor of Islay, the clan Ian of Ardnamurchan, and many collateral branches. The battle of Harlaw, which was fought in 1411, and continued from morning till dark night, convinced the government of the country that the clans, when united, were too powerful for it. The victory was doubtful, but Buchanan says, "In the fight there fell so many eminent and noble personages as scarce ever perished in one battle, against a foreign enemy, for many years before." Succeeding monarchs, however, adopted a plan far more secure, but less obvious to the people, that of sowing dis-

sension among the clans themselves, first by creating jealousies, and afterwards inveterate hatred against each other.

Pitcottie has recorded an advice given by Bishop Kennedy to James II., as to the method of reducing the power of the Douglasses, and it perfectly well applies to the plans adopted to reduce the grandeur of the Macdonald family. "The said Bishop pulled out a great sheaf of arrows, knit together in a quhang of leather, and delivered them to the King in his hand, and bade him set them on his knee and break them. The King answered, it is impossible, because there are so many together of the said arrows, and knit so fast with leather, that no man can break them at once. The Bishop answered and said, that is true; but yet he would let the King see that he could break them, *and pulled out one by one, or two by two, till he had broke them all*; and said unto the King, Sir, you must even do in this manner with your Barons that have risen against you, which are so many in number, and knit so fast against you in conspiracy, that you can in no wise get them broken but by this practick that I have shown you by the similitude of the arrows—that is to say, you must conquest and break by lord and lord by himself, for ye may not deal with them all at once." Such a plan as

this here recommended was adopted by the Scottish Kings to reduce the Macdonalds.

The family of John Moir, of Isla, second son of the first marriage of John, Lord of the Isles, though it existed for a much longer period than many of the other junior septs, was at length reduced by the same secret, but powerful means. Some time before this period, the Campbells got a footing in Argyleshire, by marrying the heiress of Dermot O'Duin, a Celtic proprietor of Lochow. Sir Neill Campbell was much favoured by King Robert Bruce, and obtained a grant of part of the lands belonging to Lord Lorn. His successors adopted, and pursued with uncommon address, perseverance, and success, a system of aggrandisement, suggested by the influence of the Crown of Scotland. In proportion as the Campbells became strong, the Macdonalds became weaker; and the former were the willing and interested instruments of the Crown, in executing the plan for abridging and destroying the Macdonald power. They succeeded, by fomenting quarrels, to create hostilities among the clans, and when they weakened each other, procured a forfeiture and a grant of their lands. In the beginning of the reign of Charles the First, the Campbells procured letters of fire and sword against the whole clan Ian-vor. They obtained

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the assistance of the M'Leods, M'Leans, M'Neills, Camerons, and others, and compelled the last representative of that house, Sir James Macdonald, to fly to Spain. The Earls of Argyle got a grant of their lands, now forming the most valuable part of their property. Donald, who fought at the battle of Harlaw, died in France. His son, Alexander, was restored to his father's dignity in 1444; he was succeeded by his son John, who became Lord of Ross, who was a long time too powerful to be kept under by the weak and irresolute governors of the kingdom, but was at length attainted in the year 1475. Thus sunk the power of two branches of the Macdonalds—the clan Donald, and clan Ian-vor. The senior branch, the clan Ranald, however, still maintained its independence, but was much hurt by the successive chiefs granting great territories to their younger children. These formed separate clans at an after period, and frequently turned their arms against each other.

Reginald, as has been already said, who succeeded John, last King of the Isles, was the seventh in succession from Somerlett, and was the first that was called "Chief of the family of Macdonald," was succeeded by his son Allan, second chief; Allan by his son Roderick, third chief; Roderick by his son Allan, fourth chief; Allan by his son Ranald, fifth chief; Ranald by his son Ranald,

called Ranald Gald, sixth chief; Ranald Gald left no issue, and was succeeded by John, son of Alexander, the nearest male heir, seventh chief; John by his son Allan, eighth chief; Allan by his son Sir Donald, ninth chief; Sir Donald by his son John, tenth chief. John was a staunch supporter of the unfortunate Charles, and powerfully assisted him against the Covenanters, and fought with Montrose in all his wars, and remained firmly attached to his Sovereign, whose son he had the happiness to see restored to the throne of his ancestors; and when King Charles II. landed in the Shire of Moray, in 1660, John, the captain of Clanranald, paid his respects to him, after which he retired to the Island of Uist, where he died at an advanced age in the year 1670. John was succeeded by his son Donald, eleventh chief; Donald by his son Allan, twelfth chief. Allan, at the death of his father, was a youth of about sixteen years old, under the guardianship of his brother-in-law, Donald Macdonald, of Benbecula, nearest heir to the estates of Clanranald, failing himself and his brother; this Donald was called the "Tutor of Benbecula," and was a young man of great ability and judgment, and a firm supporter of the Stuart succession. He paid strict attention to the education of young Allan, who was taught rigidly to adhere to the Catholic faith. Indeed, at that time little of the Pro-

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testant religion was known in the Highlands of Scotland; the people had little communication with the Lowlands: educated as they were uniformly by their Priests, and unaccustomed to innovation of any kind, they had no opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of any religion but their own, and that was even conveyed to them but sparingly by those whose interest it was to keep them in the dark. Hence the uniform opposition given by the clans to the Protestant succession, and the devotedness with which they followed the fortunes of the family of Stuart. Allan remained at home, strictly attending to his education, until the commencement of the troubles in 1688. When these broke out, the spirit which had been infused into him also burst forth; and, young as he was, he determined to assist what he thought was his rightful sovereign, James VII. In the year 1689, Allan joined James's forces, and he and his clan fought at the battle of Killcrankie; and, after that worthless monarch fled to France, Allan refused to take advantage of the proclamation, would not take the oaths to the government, and retired with the ex-King to St. Germain. In 1715, (having in the meantime returned to the Highlands,) he declared for the Pretender, and was appointed a colonel in his service, and fell a victim to his blind attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart at the battle of

Sheriffmuir. Allan left no issue, and was succeeded by his brother Ranald, the thirteenth chief; Ranald never was married, and was succeeded by Donald, next male heir, and fourteenth chief, who was succeeded by his son Ranald, fifteenth chief; Ranald by his son Ranald, sixteenth chief, who became an able actor in the rebellion of 1745, and signalized himself in every engagement for the unfortunate Charles Edward, to whom he was warmly devoted, and whom he served without the least interested motives—uniformly refusing any pecuniary reward, and maintaining his clan entirely at his own expense. There was an attainder passed against him, but, by some mistake, the name of Donald was substituted for that of Ranald; his friends took advantage of this, and after being some years in France, he returned, and succeeded in recovering his estates, to which he retired, and became a steady and loyal subject of his majesty. Ranald was succeeded by his son John, seventeenth chief; and John was succeeded by his son Ranald, or Reginald, George, the eighteenth and present chief of the family of Macdonald, who is the twenty-fifth in direct descent from Somerlett, King of the Isles, and Lord of Argyle and Cantire.—(Historical and Genealogical Account of the Clan or family of Macdonald.)

## NOTE 7, PAGE 15, STANZA XXIX.

*Seek proud Dunluce, on Dabriada's coast.*

THE Western and North-western parts of the County of Antrim, were called *Dabriada*.—(See Note 4, of this Canto.)

## NOTE 8, PAGE 17, STANZA XXXII.

*And V'alla's towers by morning's dawn did greet.*

LISAVALLA, the ancient seat of Hugh Macaulay, Esq., in Glendun.—(For description see Note to Stanza 65.)

## NOTE 9, PAGE 19, STANZA XXXVI.

*And when on Torr the warning fire you'll see.*

TORR, as I have been informed, signifies a warning fire. It was the custom of the Scots, when they were pressed by any enemy on the Irish coast, to light immense fires on the headlands, by which means they could always procure assistance in a few hours—part of the Scotch coast (Cantire) not being more than about fifteen miles distant.



NOTE 10, PAGE 19, STANZA XXXVI.

*In Islay muster, and then follow me.*

I HAVE chosen this Island for my place of muster, from the circumstance of its being the territory of the great Ian Vor, from whom the Antrim family is descended, and also from its being in ancient times the principal abode of the Lords of the Isles, being, if not the largest, the most important Island of their Archiepelago. In Martin's time, some relics of their ancient grandeur were extant.—“Loch-Finlagan, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, trouts, eels: this lake lies in the centre of the Isle. The Isle Finlagan, from which this lake hath its name, is in it. It is famous for being once the court in which the great Macdonald, King of the Isles had his residence; his houses, chapel, &c., are now ruinous. His guards du corps, called Lucht-tacht, kept guard on the lake side nearest the isle; the walls of their houses are still to be seen there. The High Court of Judicature, consisting of fourteen, sat always here; and there was an appeal to them from all Courts in the Isles. The eleventh share of the sum in debate was due to the principal judge. There was a big stone of seven foot square, in which there was a deep impression made to

receive the feet of Macdonald, for he was crowned King of the Isles standing in this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do exact justice to all his subjects: and then his father's sword was put into his hand. The Bishop of Argyle and seven Priests anointed him King, in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the Isles and Continent, and were his vassals; at which time the orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors," &c.—(Martin's Account of the Western Isles.)

The idea of the stone being used at the coronation of the Kings of the Isles, which they conceived added solemnity to the ceremony, seems to have been copied from a custom observed by the Irish, and afterwards by the Scottish Kings, from the founding of the Scottish Monarchy, in 503, till the reign of Edward the First of England, as related by Comerford. "It was ~~also~~ in the 13th year of this Prince, (Mortough, great-grandson to Nial of the nine hostages,) according to Ussher, Lloyd, and Stillingfleet, writers of great note, that Feargus the Great, brother to this Monarch, with a numerous army invaded North Britain, and there founded the famous Kingdom of Scotland; and the more firmer to fix the crown upon his head, Feargus sent to his brother for the famous stone on which the Kings of Ireland usually were

inaugurated, that he might receive the crown also upon it. His request was granted, and the stone accordingly sent away to Scotland, where it remained at Scone till Edward I., King of England, in the year 1296, caused it to be removed to Westminster, where it remains to this day, enclosed in a wooden chair, and in which the Kings of England receive the crown. On this stone the following distich was engraven :—

‘ Ni fallat fatuum ; Scoti quocunque locatum  
Invenient lassidem reguare, tenentur ibidem.’

‘ Or Fate’s deceived, or Heaven decrees in vain ;  
Or where they find this stone, the Scots shall reign.’

The people of Scotland had all along placed a sort of fatality in this stone, fancying that whilst it remained in the country their State would be unshaken, but that the moment it should be removed it would occasion great revolutions. Edward had no other view in carrying it away, than to create in the Scots a belief that the time of the dissolution of their Monarchy was come, and to lessen the hopes of recovering their liberty.”—(Comerford’s History of Ireland, page 83.)

## NOTE 11, PAGE 20, STANZA XXXVIII.

*This night I'll sail, and in Glenariff's bay,  
On Erin's coast, I'll anchor ere 'tis day.*

It may appear odd, that Macdonald should first determine to anchor in Glenariff Bay, and afterwards land at Cushendun. However, it is not at all uncommon for those who trust the seas, and particularly on an unknown shore, where the tides run in a hundred directions with great rapidity, and which nothing but a long experience can render available, to be obliged to seek other harbours than those which, at the beginning of their voyage, they expected so eagerly to gain. Besides, there are certain "hard names, that stick in the Muse's gullets." Cushendun is one of those, and could not be brought into the line in the place of Glenariff; so, gentle readers, you will have to make the best excuse you can for him, either that he was unacquainted with the coast and its tides, or that he did not know Cushendun was the proper place to land, which, as soon as he discovered, he rectified.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 27, STANZA LII.

*Our nation's bulwarks, founded in the main,  
The prop of Albion and the scourge of Spain.*

THERE is a small port or bay at the Giant's Causeway, called "*Port na Spania*," which takes its name from the circumstance of some of the vessels of the Spanish Armada having been wrecked there. In August, 1587, the Spaniards lost nineteen ships and five thousand three hundred and ninety-four men on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland: it is said they mistook the pillars of the Causeway for the chimneys of a town. This must be an erroneous idea; there were many of the vessels wrecked on the Scotch coast, and we do not hear of their mistaking any of the cliffs there for the chimneys of a town: neither were they in a plight to seek for towns to destroy, with destruction staring them in the face. I have also been told that when they saw the shattered points of the headlands of the Causeway, they did take them for the chimneys of a town, and commenced firing, not to destroy the town, but signals of distress, in the hope of obtaining assistance from the inhabitants. This, in all probability, is the most correct idea. Hume speaks of the destruction of the Armada in the following manner:—

“ The Spanish Admiral found, in many encounters, that

while he lost so considerable a part of his own navy, he had destroyed only one small vessel of the English; and he foresaw that, by continuing so unequal a combat, he must draw inevitable destruction on the remainder. He prepared, therefore, to return homewards, but as the wind was contrary to his passage through the channel, he resolved to sail Northwards, and making a tour of Ireland, reach the Spanish harbours by the ocean. The English fleet followed him some time; and had not their ammunition fallen short, by the negligence of the officers in supplying them, they had obliged the whole Armada to surrender at discretion. The Duke of Medina had once taken that resolution, but was diverted from it by his Confessor. This conclusion of the enterprise would have been more glorious to the English, but the event proved almost equally fatal to the Spaniards. A violent tempest overtook the Armada after it passed the Orkneys; the ships had already lost their anchors, and were obliged to keep to sea. The mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, and not able to govern such unwieldy vessels, yielded to the fury of the storm, and allowed their ships to drive either on the Western Isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked.

“Not half of the navy returned to Spain; and the seamen, as well as soldiers who remained, were so over-

come with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited by their discomfiture, that they filled all Spain with accounts of the desperate valour of the English, and of the tempestuous violence of that ocean which surrounds them."—  
(History of England.)

NOTE 13, PAGE 28 STANZA LV.

*And Antrim's cliffs, like Adamant of old,  
Fraught with destruction and their destiny,  
Drew their proud prouws upon her fatal shore.*

WE read, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, that Mount Adamant, which was composed of load-stone, drew all vessels within several miles distance of it close to its destructive sides; and so strong was its magnetic attraction, that it actually drew all the iron bolts out of the ships, which instantly went to pieces.—(Story of the Third Calender, a King's Son.)

It is a curious circumstance, and well worthy of notice, that the basaltic pillars of the Causeway, and the great capes in its neighbourhood, possess magnetic attraction to a very considerable degree; but though I am far from supposing that it was their magnetic power that drew the unfortunate Spanish ships upon their destructive ribs, "Like Adamant of old," the opinion of the learned and

scientific Doctor Hamilton, on the subject of their magnetic attraction, may not be wholly unacceptable to the reader:—"From the metallic state of its iron element, we are enabled to infer, *a priori*, that the columns of the Giant's Causeway are all natural magnets, whose lower extremity is their North pole, and the upper extremity their South pole. For, having stood during many ages in a perpendicular position, they must have acquired that polarity which is peculiar to all iron substances in a similar situation; and, like natural magnets, every fragment, when broken, will have its North and South pole. And this I have found true by experience—each pillar of the Giants' Causeway, and each fragment of a pillar, which I applied to the needle, having its attractive and repellant point. Hence, likewise, it follows, that the capes in the neighbourhood of the Causeway must possess a similar property; and, accordingly, in the semicircular bays of Bengore Head, I have found the compass very much deranged from its meridian. The magnetism of these capes may, perhaps, be an object of some curiosity; it might be well worth inquiring how far such masses of phlogisticated iron, within the earth, may produce those sudden and unaccountable deflexions of the needle, which are always inconvenient, and sometimes so dangerous to seamen."—(Hamilton's Antrim, page 120.)



## NOTE 14, PAGE 30, STANZA LVIII.

*By which we're to our sister countries bound  
With whin-dyke cables, forged by Nature's hand;  
Whose flinty links through ocean depths descend,  
And far in Scotch and British land extend.*

THESE extraordinary walls, or ridges of rude basalt, called *whin-dykes*, are very numerous along the Coast of the County of Antrim. They are composed of rude prisms, laid horizontally, varying in thickness from one to thirty feet. They appear in the faces of the highest precipices, and descend into the sea, where they are lost; but in many instances their source can be traced to a considerable distance in that element, and are found appearing again on the opposite coasts.

Dubourdieu says, "The Scotch whin-dykes have been generally supposed to originate in Ireland. If this fact be admitted, we can easily trace them by attending to the direction of our own; thus, those that issue from the Coast West of Ballycastle, proceeding North, with a slight inclination to the East, are to be sought for in Islay, Jura, Mull, &c., where Mr. Mills actually found them in great numbers. Our dykes which are seen at Murlough, Torr, and Cushendun, are obviously those which have crossed the Mull of Cantire, and were observed by Mr.

Jameson in such abundance in the Isle of Arran. Doctor Hutton also mentions twenty or thirty whin-dykes he found 'in the shire of Ayr, to the North of Irvine, on the coast.' These correspond with the numerous dykes about Garron Point and its neighbourhood, whose rectilineal course is directed towards that part of the Scottish Coast. The dykes about Larne may be expected to be found on the Mull of Galloway, while those I examined far up in Belfast Loch, on account of their South-east direction, probably do not catch Scotland, nor meet land until they arrive on the Coast of Cumberland."—(Statistical Survey, page 58.)

Doctor Robertson, in his "Perthshire," says, "Behind the Wood of Methven, there is a singular ledge of rocks crossing the river Almond, known by the name of the '*Devil's Bridge*;' one end rests on the estate of Methven, the other on the estate of Lednock. Nothing remains of this magical bridge except the abutments, all the arches having fallen. These abutments are some hundred feet high, the stones all nicely jointed, having the appearance of the hewn rent of an old fortification. This ledge is a part of a small ledge of rock, of a uniform quality, which crosses Scotland from sea to sea, in a South-west and North-west direction, almost parallel to the Grampians. In this country it frequently appears above ground, parti-

cularly in the Braes of Donne, at Muthel, at Methven, and at the Linn of Campsie on the Tay."

"From this description, it appears that this extraordinary ledge must be a whin-dyke; and in tracing its source through Perthshire, it appears also to be one of those that, issuing from the Coast of Antrim, between Larne and Glenarm, passes under the Frith of Clyde, and shows itself in Scotland in the direction above-mentioned."—(Dubour-dien's Stat. Sur. page 60.)

The ledge above alluded to is that which shows itself in the face of the cliff, in the "Little Deer Park" close to Glenarm; it is a splendid specimen of whin-dyke, forming an impassable barrier of immense height, and about twenty feet in thickness. There is another splendid specimen of whin-dyke in the neighbourhood of Cushendall, on the North-west side of Red-bay; it is about one hundred feet high, and from thirty to forty feet thick. It crosses the present new road, taking a Southerly direction, crossing the mouth of Glenarriff river. I have never been able to trace its further course after it dips into the bay.

## NOTE 15, PAGE 30, STANZA LIX.

*Nor loom nor organ once he thought upon.*

THERE is a part of the Causeway called the "*Giant's Loom*," and another most magnificent part called his "*Organ*." The latter is a splendid colonnade of beautiful pillars, one hundred and twenty feet in length, resembling the pipes of an organ.

## NOTE 16, PAGE 31, STANZA LX.

*Close on their starboard bow, see Pleaskin rise!*

PLEASKIN is the most striking and picturesque promontory in the neighbourhood of the Causeway, perhaps on the entire Coast. Its summit is covered with a light, porous grassy turf, under which lies the natural rock, of an uniform hard surface, but, from its being exposed to the action of the air, greatly cracked and shivered. At the depth of about twelve feet from the summit, the rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, forming a range of massive pillars of basalt, which stand perpendicular to the horizon, and presenting in the face of the promontory the appearance of a magnificent gallery, or colonnade, upwards of sixty feet in height. This range of pillars is

supported on a solid base of dark, coarse, irregular rock, about sixty feet in thickness, perforated in many places, which apertures have the appearance of air holes; but, notwithstanding its comparative irregularity, it may be plainly observed to affect a peculiar figure, tending in many places to run into regular forms, resembling the shooting of salts, and many other substances, during a hasty crystallization. Under this bed of stone stands a second range of beautiful pillars, about fifty feet high, not so gross, but more acutely defined than those of the upper story, many of them emulating even the beauty of the columns of the Giant's Causeway. This lower range is borne on a layer of red ochre, which serves as a relief to the sombre greyness of the pillars, and shows them off to great advantage. These two magnificent natural galleries, together with the intervening masses of irregular rock, form a perpendicular height of one hundred and seventy feet, from the base of which, the promontory, beautifully interspersed with tufts of grass, sea-pink, lichen, &c., slopes down to the sea for the space of about two hundred feet more, making in all a precipice of nearly four hundred feet in height—"Surpassing," as Doctor Hamilton says, "in the novelty and elegance of its arrangement, the beauty and variety of its colouring, and in the extraordinary magnitude of its objects, any thing of the kind at

present known." Hardy, in his "Northern Tourist," describes it in the following poetic language:—"It appears as though it had been painted for effect in various shades of green, vermillion rock, red ochre, grey lichens, &c.; its general form so beautiful—its storied pillars, tier over tier, so architecturally graceful—its curious and varied stratifications supporting the columnar ranges—here the dark brown amorphous basalt—there the red ochre, and below that again the slender, but distinct lines of wood coal—all the edges of its different stratifications tastefully varied by the hand of vegetable nature, with grasses, and ferns, and rock plants; in the various strata of which it is composed, sublimity and beauty having been blended together in the most extraordinary manner."

## NOTE 17, PAGE 32, STANZA LXII.

*In lonely grandeur, rising from the sea,  
The chalky cliffs of Rathlin now they view;  
Where Bruce, while labouring to set Scotland free  
From deadly foes, a while for refuge flew.*

AFTER Robert Bruce had slain Comyn in the sanctuary of Dumfries, and asserted his rights to the Scottish crown, it will be recollected, by those who have read the history of that country, that he was reduced to the greatest extremity

by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of his Barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year "A Summer king, but not a Winter one." He was crowned at Scone on the 29th March, 1306; and upon the 19th of June, in the same year, he was totally defeated at Methven, near Perth, and his most important adherents, with few exceptions, were either executed or compelled to embrace the English interest, for safety of their lives and fortunes. After this disaster, his life was that of an outlaw rather than a candidate for monarchy. For a length of time, himself and a few attendants subsisted by hunting and fishing in the mountainous parts of Breadalbane and the borders of Argyleshire, until the weather compelled them to seek better sustenance and shelter than the Highland mountains afforded; after many dangers and difficulties, they got to the Western banks of Lochlomond—partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. Here Bruce met with his loyal and faithful friend the Earl of Lennox, who, wandering there for protection, discovered the king was in his neighbourhood by hearing a bugle sounded with an art which he knew to be peculiar to his master. They met, embraced, and wept. By the guidance of Lennox, Bruce reached Cantire, then belonging

to Angus Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, who received the fugitive monarch, and future restorer of his country's independence, in his castle of Dunaverty, with the utmost friendship and hospitality. It has been mentioned in a preceding note who this Angus, Lord of the Isles, was. Though Bruce was received with kindness and hospitality by him, he felt, however, sensible that his residence on, or near the mainland of Scotland, might draw down on his protector the vengeance of Edward, against whom the insular monarch could not offer an effectual resistance, although he had nearly shaken off all subordination to the crown of Scotland, and paid as little respect to the English claim upon their allegiance. Bruce, therefore, resolved to bury himself in the remote island of Raghery, or Rathlin, which was inhabited by a branch of the clan of the Macdonalds, and subject to the Lord of the Isles. The simple Islanders at first fled from their new and armed guests, but upon some explanation, submitted themselves to Bruce's sovereignty. In this retreat he effected his purpose of secluding himself from the jealous researches made after him by the adherents of the English monarch, and the feudal hatred of John of Lorn; and, in the following Spring, he returned again to Scotland, with the desperate resolution to reconquer his kingdom or perish in the attempt.—(Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland.)



The remains of a fortress are yet visible on the Island of Raghery, said to be occupied by Robert Bruce, and still known by the name of Bruce's Castle. The antiquity of this building is therefore not much less than five hundred years; it may, indeed, be considerably older, as the time which Bruce spent in Raghery was not sufficient for the purpose of erecting it.—(Hamilton's *Antrim*, p. 25.)

Barbour, the faithful metrical biographer of Bruce, tells us, when he was just about leaving the Island of Raghery, that a woman, (and one would suppose, from the following passage, the person in whose house he lived,) not only predicted his good fortune, but sent her two sons with him to share it:—

“ Then in short time, men might them see  
 Shoot all their galleys to the sea  
 And bear to sea both oar and steer,  
 And other things that mister\* were.  
 And as the king upon the sand  
 Was ganging up and down bidand†  
 Till that his men ready were,  
 His Host came right till him there,  
 And when that she him halsed had,  
 And privy speech till him she made;  
 And said, ‘ Take good keep till my sau,  
 For or ye pass I will ye show,  
 Off your fortoun a great party.  
 But our all specially,

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\* Need.

† Abiding.

For in this land is none trewly  
 Wots things to come as well as I,  
 Ye pass now furth on your veyage,  
 To avenge the harme and the outrage,  
 That Inglissmen has to you done ;  
 But you wot not what kind fortune  
 Ye mon drey in your warring.  
 But wyt ye well without lying,  
 As wittering here I shall you ma,\*  
 What end that your purposse shall ta.  
 That from ye now have taken land,  
 None so mighty, no so strenthle of hand,  
 Shall make you pass out of your country  
 Till all to you abandoned be.  
 Within short time ye shall be king,  
 And have the land to your own liking,  
 And overcome your foes all.  
 But many annoyis thole ye shall,  
 Or that your purpose end have tane ;  
 But you shall them outdrive ilkane  
 And that ye throw this sekryly,  
 My two sons with you shall I  
 Send to take part of your labour.  
 For I wote well they shall not fail  
 To be rewarded well at right  
 When you are heyit to your might.""

*Barbour's Bruce, Book IV., p. 120, Edited by J. Pinkerton,  
 London, 1790.*

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\* Make.

## NOTE 18, PAGE 32, STANZA LXIII.

*Thou, too, lone spot, hast oft been taught to feel  
 The Northern plund'ers force, and treach'rous wile;  
 Oft hast thou bled 'neath each marauder's steel,  
 And bare-faced Murder shook th' affrighted isle!*

THIS small Island, surrounded as it is by a wild and violent sea, fortified by barriers of inhospitable rock, and containing little or nothing in itself to provoke the rage either of avarice or ambition, might be supposed to have escaped the desolating scourge of war. Rathlin has repeatedly been the theatre of battle and murder; and it has felt all the fury of the Danish, English, and Hebridean arms. "The monastery which had been established here by Columba, (who founded Derry in 546,) was ravaged and destroyed, with all its shrines, by the piratical Danes. This was the first descent of these invaders on our coasts." — (Dubourdieu's Stat. Sur.)

It was again ravaged by a second visitation of these robbers in 973, who, among other atrocities, put the Abbot of the Island to death. Its vicinity to the mainland rendering it an object of importance to an invading enemy, it became a scene of contention to the Irish and Albanian Scots. A place called Sloc na Colleach, perpetuates a tradition of the destruction of all the old women of the

Island, by precipitation over the rocks.—(Notes to Drummond's Causeway.)

The memory of a cruel massacre, perpetrated by a Scottish clan, (I think the Campbells,) remains so strongly impressed on the minds of the present inhabitants, that no person of that name is allowed to settle in the Island.—(Hamilton's Antrim, page 25.)

“ In August, 1575, General Morris sailed from Carrickfergus to the Island of Raghery, took its castle, spoiled the country, and killed two hundred and forty men.”—(M'Skimmin's History of Carrickfergus.)

It is a curious circumstance that this Island should not contain any native quadruped, except the little shrew mouse, which is sometimes found, and those universal travellers, rats; even those are of the Norway breed, and have totally exterminated the native black rat of this kingdom. Foxes, hares, rabbits, and badgers, which abound on the opposite shore, are all here unknown.

Doctor Drummond in his Notes to his Giant's Causeway, says there are neither frogs nor grouse in Rathlin. This Island, which is about five miles in length, and one in breadth, forms a part of the County of Antrim and Diocess of Connor, and lies about eight miles North of Ballycastle. Where the land is properly cultivated, it produces excellent barley. I have been informed that, in

some seasons, from six to eight hundred pounds worth of this grain has been exported from it. The rent of the land, however, I understand is generally paid by the sale of kelp, which supplies a source of industry and emolument to the inhabitants, who are a simple, honest, and laborious people. The Rev. Robert Gage is both proprietor and Rector of the island. Its side which faces Ballycastle, is considerably curved, and forms a tolerable bay, which affords good anchorage, the water being deep, and the bottom composed of stiff clay; but with Westerly winds the swell is almost inconceivably heavy along this Coast, and scarcely any vessels venture to ride out a gale from that quarter. Its tides are very remarkable—the flood tide in Church Bay running nine hours, while the ebb runs only three. At Arch-hill, south of Bruce's Castle, it is quite the reverse—the ebb runs nine hours, and the flood but three. It abounds with columnar basaltes, similar to those of the Giant's Causeway, and its neighbouring capes; and from their being composed of the same kind of material, similarly arranged, and at equal elevations, Doctor Hamilton is of opinion, (as indeed are many others,) that it at one time formed a part of the mainland.

## NOTE 19, PAGE 33, STANZA LXIV.

*They now that awful promontory greet,  
With savage wildness o'er its features spread,  
Rising in grandeur from its ocean seat,  
In rude magnificence, august Fairhead!*

THIS magnificent promontory, rising perpendicularly to the height of six hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, standing about three miles and a half east of Ballycastle, is the most Northern point of Ireland, and commands a view of the most enchanting description. The cliff itself is best seen from the sea, which rolls at its base. It is formed of a number of gigantic pillars of columnar basalt, which at first view do not appear to have any marks of articulation, but on a closer inspection, they are found to be separated into pretty regular joints.

Doctor Hamilton gives the following description of it:—  
“ A savage wildness characterizes this great promontory, at the foot of which the ocean rages with uncommon fury. Scarce a single mark of vegetation has yet crept over the hard rock, to diversify its colouring, but one uniform grey-ness clothes the scene all around. Upon the whole, it makes a fine contrast with the beautiful capes of Bengore, where the varied brown shades of the pillars, enlivened by the red and green tints of ochre and grass, cast a degree

of life and cheerfulness over the different objects. At the foot of this magnificent colonnade is seen an immense mass of rock, like a wide waste of ruins, which have been in the course of successive ages tumbled down from their original foundation, by storms, or some more violent operation of Nature. These massive bodies have sometimes withstood the shock of their fall, and often lie in groups, or clumps of pillars, resembling many of the varieties of artificial ruins, and forming a very novel and striking landscape."

NOTE 20, PAGE 33, STANZA LXIV.

*And massive pillars lift their heads on high,  
With which, nor Czar's nor Pompey's e'er can vie.*

ONE of the pillars of this splendid colonnade is said to be the largest basaltic pillar yet discovered on the face of the globe. It forms a quadrangular prism, thirty-three feet by thirty-six on the sides, and upwards of two hundred feet in length. This exceeds in diameter the pedestal that supports the statue of Peter the Great at Petersburg, and considerably surpasses in length the shaft of Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria. The shaft of the column of Peter the Great's statue, composed of one piece of red granite, is eighty-four feet in length, and twelve in diameter; that of Pompey's is sixty-seven feet in length.

## NOTE 21, PAGE 34, STANZA LXVI.

*Macdonald sped to Glendun's beauteous vale,  
Where stood the noble mansion of Sir Hugh.*

IN the opening of Glendun stood the castle of Hugh Macaulay, Esq.; a powerful chief in those days of the clan of that name. The fortress, which was one of considerable strength before the use of artillery, was called Lisavalla, and the small remnant that time has left to point out this relic of antiquity, is to this day known by the same name. It is beautifully situated on the bank of the river, immediately adjoining the enclosure of the present Roman Catholic Chapel. Not a particle of the castle remains—the ploughshare has passed over its foundations, and its deep cut ditch and high raised mound have long since been levelled by the peaceful hand of husbandry; but still its former shape may be easily traced out: part of the original fosse yet remains on the north-side; I measured it round, and found its circumference to be upwards of four hundred feet. I have dubbed its ancient proprietor knight, although I never heard of his being so, but my rhyme required it, and

---

“Sometimes  
Kings are not more peremptory than rhymes,”



So I hope my readers will excuse the liberty I have taken. That he was a "chief in power," we can have little doubt; and, in Doctor Drummond's Notes to his Giant's Causeway, we find that Sourlebuoy was "joined by a number of allies under the command of Hugh Macaulay of the Glynnas."

His descendants still reside in Glendun, having rather retrograded than advanced; but though they are not now, as they were then, "chiefs in power," they are, nevertheless, respectable characters in the country.

NOTE 22, PAGE 35, STANZA LXVIII.

*And, Arthur, speed thee to Glonane—our friend  
Requires the aid of Gruaim's trusty men :  
Tell Clegna, too, here with his force t' attend.*

THESE were branches of the clan of Macaulay, of which Lisavalla was the chief. There are none of the above branches, now possess landed property in the Glens, but the name of Macaulay is the most common one in the country. Gruaim was so called from his having a dark, frowning look, and the name attached itself to his descendants as long as they remained in the Glens. Clegna was merely called after his townland, which is still known by that name.

The above lands form part of the estates of the Reverend Alexander Macaulay, who is no relation whatever to the persons already spoken of, of that name. His (the present proprietor's) grandfather, Alexander Macaulay, Esq., who was a direct descendant of the ancient house of Arden-castle, in Dumbartonshire, distinguished himself in a very eminent manner at the Irish bar. He was Member for the University of Dublin, and died a judge, little past the meridian of life. He was the companion and friend of all the great and learned men of the day, among whom was Dean Swift, with whom he continually corresponded. He was the author of "A Treatise on Tillage," and of a work in favour of the tithes of the clergy, called "Property Inviolable." To this work Swift alludes in the following clause of his will, where he leaves Mr. Macaulay "the gold box in which the Freedom of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppression,"—(Sir Walter Scott's Edition of Swift's Works, vol. xix. page 137.)

This Mr. Macaulay purchased vast property in the County of Antrim; at one period the chief part of that dis-

tract called the "Root," belonged to him, which contains more wealthy and respectable farmers than perhaps any other district in the County, owing to Mr. Macaulay having granted them perpetuities of their land. He purchased also the extensive landed property in the Glens, now in possession of his grandson, the Rev. Alexander Macaulay, of Glenville. As a curious specimen of the times, it may be interesting to mention here an anecdote which really happened. When Judge Macaulay came to the Glens to get possession of the Glenane estate from the Macaulay (Groam) from whom he had purchased it, and who had already been paid the purchase money, the Groams refused to give possession, and fortified themselves in their house; nor could they be induced to surrender, until Mr. Macaulay, being empowered by the Government, brought a piece of artillery and a party of soldiers to the ground: they still obstinately held out, until one shot was fired, so as not to do any serious injury, but which shook the house so to the terror of its inmates, that they immediately surrendered. Nothing but this could have dislodged them, who considered it like leaving the world to quit the possessions of their ancestors. The new and worthy proprietor, however, as I am informed, as soon as they acknowledged his title, allowed them to remain in possession of the house until they were otherwise provided.

## **NOTES TO CANTO II.**



## NOTES TO CANTO II.

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NOTE 1, PAGE 51, STANZA XXV.

*The fiery charge of gallogloths to bear.*

GALLOGLOTHS, a name given to the followers or militiamen of the Irish chieftains.

NOTE 2 PAGE 55 STANZA XXXIII.

*But what is chance or fate ? mere cant, a word—*

*“ Persistent wisdom,” Home says, is our fate.*

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“ Chance may spoil  
A single aim ; but perseverance must  
Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words :  
Persistent wisdom is the fate of man.”

*Tragedy of Douglas, Act II., Scene 1.*

## NOTE 3, PAGE 55, STANZA XXXIII.

*But took the hint, as Bruce did from the spider.*

AFTER Robert Bruce had retreated to one of those miserable places of shelter, in which he could venture to take some repose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned himself to his meditations. He had been defeated four times, and was upon the point of resolving to abandon all hopes of future opposition to his fate, and go to the Holy Land. It chanced his eye, while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, endeavoured to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntarily he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would decide his own course according to the success or failure of the spider. At the seventh effort, the insect gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own.

Hence the spider was considered sacred by the Bruce, and ever after it has been held unlucky or ungrateful, or both, in one of the name of Bruce to kill a spider.—(Sir Walter Scott's Notes to the Lord of the Isles.)

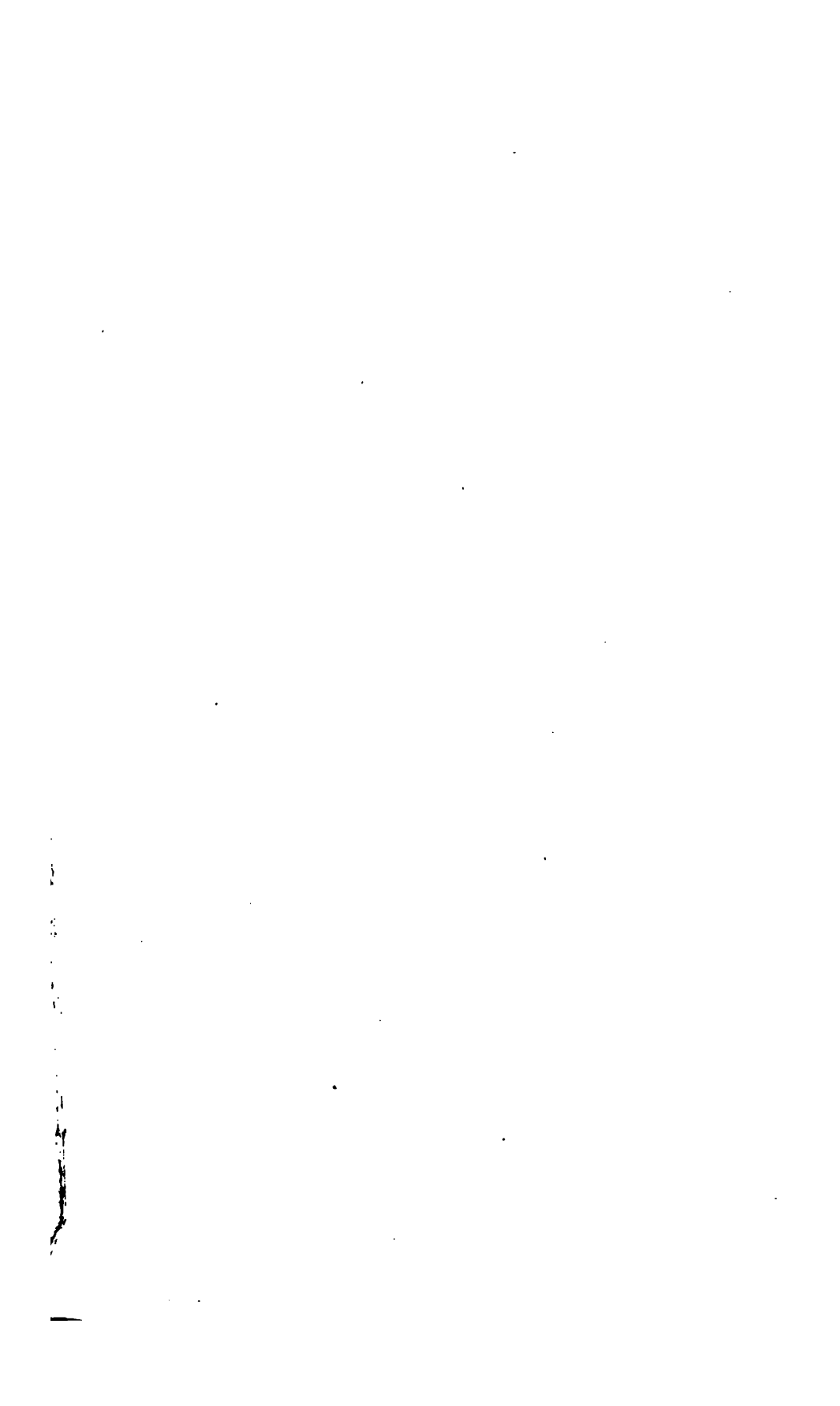
## NOTE 4, PAGE 59, STANZA XLI.

*They made promiscuous paths of rush and grass,  
Which led them safe—but proved a yawning tomb  
To many hearts late triumphing.*

DURING the night, Sourlebuoy employed his men in digging up rushes, which they laid carefully across a bog, near the intended scene of action, forming a narrow path over which a line of infantry might pass securely, and so artificially constructed, that the enemy might mistake them for the natural produce of the soil.

In the action, when Macquillan's cavalry were ordered to charge, Sourlebuoy did not sustain the attack, but retreated over the bog by the rush path he had previously constructed. The horsemen rashly pursued, and being engulfed, and tied to their saddles, according to the custom of the age, were quickly despatched.—(Notes to Drummond's Causeway.)





## **NOTES TO CANTO III.**



## NOTES TO CANTO III.

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NOTE 1, PAGE 65, STANZA V.

*Like that sweet, delicate, and tender flower,  
That blooms, decays, and withers in an hour.*

THE Tiger plant.

NOTE 2, PAGE 69, STANZA XII.

*Were they not back'd by him who in the fight  
Had turn'd 'gainst us in treachery his brand.*

A CHIEF named M'llmoyle, with his followers, who came to the ground with Macquillan's forces, deserted during the conflict to Sourlebuoy, to which circumstance Macquillan seems to attribute his defeat. — (Drummond's Notes.)

as to withhold all assistance from the objects of their fury.

This was the critical period when Colonel Gillespie took the command at Arcot, where he learned with great satisfaction that his old companion in arms, Colonel Fancourt, with whom he had served in St. Domingo, under General Simco, was then at the head of the garrison of Vellore.

On the 9th of July, Colonel Gillespie had appointed to have dined with his friend and family, but just as he mounted his horse for that purpose, some letters arrived from the government, which requiring immediate answers, compelled him to relinquish his visit, and to send an apology to Colonel Fancourt for his unavoidable absence.

There was a visible interposition of Divine Providence in this disappointment; since, had it not been for the imperative circumstance of duty which detained him at Arcot, Colonel Gillespie would, in all probability, have shared the melancholy catastrophe of his brave and unfortunate acquaintance.

The troops which at present garrisoned Vellore were six companies of the first battalion of the first native infantry, the second battalion of the twenty-third regiment, and four complete companies of his Majesty's sixty-ninth regiment.

The confederates intended that all who were brought to join in the insurrection should act upon a preconcerted plan, which had been digested and privately circulated by some of the Marawa chiefs; and in connexion with them were some Frenchmen, disguised as Fakers, who went about the country inveighing every where against the English as robbers and tyrants.

Unhappily the splendour which the sons of Tippoo were enabled by our liberality to keep up, and the liberty which they enjoyed of holding an intercourse with a continual influx of strangers, contributed to strengthen the conspiracy, and to facilitate the desperate resolution of those who formed it. They were, however, as it seemed, too precipitate; and the very day Colonel Gillespie was to have dined with his friend, happened to be the one which the insurgents pitched upon as the most opportune for their diabolical purpose, encouraged thereto, in all likelihood, by the unsuspecting deportment of our officers, and the extreme mildness of the government. It was, indeed, to many valuable men a fatal supineness; for while they were enjoying in complete confidence social harmony, neither apprehensive of evil designs in others nor meditating oppression themselves, the murderous plot was ripening into action. About two o'clock in the morning of the tenth of July, just as the moon had risen above the horizon,

the European barracks at Vellore were silently surrounded, and a most destructive fire poured in at every door and window, from musketry and a six pounder, upon the poor, defenceless soldiers, who, being taken by surprise, fell in heaps. At the same moment, the European soldiers, with those on the main-guard, and even the sick in the hospital, were inhumanly butchered; after which the assassins hastened to the houses of the officers, where they put to death all that fell into their hands. Colonel M'Kerras, who commanded one of the battalions, was shot while haranguing his men on the parade ground; Colonel Fancourt fell in like manner, as he was proceeding to the main guard. Lieutenant Ely, of the sixty-ninth, with his infant son in his arms, was bayoneted in the presence of his wife. And this scene of barbarity continued till about seven o'clock, when two officers and a surgeon, whose quarters were near the European barracks, contrived to get in and take the command of the remains of the four companies. These few men made a sally from the barracks, and having gained the six pounder, they fought their way desperately through their assailants, till they succeeded in reaching the gateway, on the top of which Sergeant Brodie, with his European guard, continued most gallantly to resist the whole body of insurgents.

Such was the state of things at Vellore, when Colonel

Gillespie, totally ignorant of the confusion that raged there, mounted his horse at six o'clock in the morning, with the intention of riding over to breakfast. At the instant he was about to set out, the dismal tidings came of the tragic fate of his friend, and of the horrors that were still prevailing. No time was to be lost; and, therefore, collecting immediately about a troop of the nineteenth dragoons, and ordering the galloper guns to follow with all speed, he hastened forwards with the utmost eagerness. So anxious, indeed, was he to reach the place, that he was considerably in advance of his men all the way; and, on his appearance, Sergeant Brodie, who had served with him in St. Domingo, instantly recognised him, and, turning to his comrades, he exclaimed—"If Colonel Gillespie be alive, he is now at the head of the nineteenth dragoons; and God Almighty has sent him from the West Indies, to save our lives here in the East."

It was in all respects such a display of Divine goodness, as could hardly fail to kindle in the most thoughtless mind a ray of devotional gratitude, while Hope was pointing out a prospect of deliverance.

Urged on by the noblest of all motives, that of saving his fellow-creatures, Colonel Gillespie, regardless of his own safety, and in the face of a tremendous fire poured upon him from the walls, pushed towards the bastion, where a



chain, formed of the soldiers belts, being let down by Sergeant Brodie, the latter had the indescribable satisfaction of welcoming a leader from whom he knew every thing might be expected that energy and perseverance could accomplish. Immediately on assuming the command, he formed the resolution of charging the mutineers with the bayonet, which he carried into execution, and thus kept them in check till the arrival of the galloper guns, when he gave instant orders to have the gate blown open; accordingly, they were placed with such precision opposite the bolts and fastenings, by the engineer, who but a few days before had repaired them, that they yielded to the battering shot—the dragoons entered, and a short but severe conflict ensued. The sepoy were encouraged to make a desperate stand by their officers; but after losing about six hundred, who were cut to pieces on the spot, the rest fled in all directions. A considerable number escaped through the sally-port, but many hundreds were taken in hiding-places and imprisoned. The standard of Tippoo had been hoisted on the palace soon after the dreadful business had commenced, which left no doubt of its being projected with the knowledge of the princes. So well assured, indeed, was Colonel Gillespie of this fact, that in the first emotion of indignation, occasioned by the death of his friend and the shocking spectacle which pre-

sented itself on all sides, he would have consented to the demands of the enraged soldiers, who were bent upon entering the palace. But the entreaties of some persons who had the care of the princes prevailed; and though he could not be persuaded of their innocence, he condescended to take them under his protection, and sent them soon after with a guard to Madras.

Thus, it may be truly said, did the prompt and decisive spirit of one man put an end to this dangerous conspiracy; for had the fort remained in the possession of the insurgents but a few days, they were certain of being joined by fifty thousand men from Mysore.

By this energetic act was the entire of the Carnatic preserved; and well indeed might the General, Sir John Cradock, call it, (as he did in his despatch,) "a military wonder."—(Memoir of Major-General Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie.)



## **NOTES TO CANTO IV.**



## NOTES TO CANTO IV.

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NOTE 1, PAGE 89, STANZA IV.

*When, lo! Heaven's mercy-breathing voice—he rais'd his eyes—  
And, on Jehovah-jireh, found a sacrifice.*

“AND it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham. And he said, Behold, here I am.

And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the unt moains which I will tell thee of.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt-offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.

Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.

And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?

And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering: so they went both of them together.

And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order; and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham. And he said, Here am I.

And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou

fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.

And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and, behold, behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son.

And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh: as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen."—(Genesis, chap. xxii., to verse 14.)

NOTE 2, PAGE 89, STANZA V.

*On Sinai's top, and at the burning bush.*

Exodus, chapter iii., and chapter xxxiv.

NOTE 3, PAGE 93, STANZA XII.

*While silver clouds roll'd circling 'neath my feet!*

I HAVE often been, not only on this beautiful and picturesque hill, Lurgedon, but on many of the mountains in this neighbourhood, when a body of fleecy clouds, that the eye could not penetrate, rolled down the glens beneath my feet, while, where I stood, and the whole beautiful dark blue serrated outline of the surrounding heights, were bright and clear.



## NOTE 4, PAGE 93, STANZA XIII.

*Where mighty Fionn ruled with sov'reign sway,  
(At least so say the Legends of the Glen.)*

ON the top of Lurgedon, there are the remains of an ancient and extensive fortification, where, as tradition says, Fionn M'Cumhall, and his son, Ossian, with some of their famous troops, had their residence for some time. But where is the place that this man of might has not been? or where is the spot in our green isle that does not exhibit some memorial of his prowess? And where is the peasant's hearth that has not rung with wonderful tales of the gigantic deeds of the mighty Fin, or, (as he is most commonly called by the Irish peasantry,) Fan Macool?

Fionn was the son of Cumhall, whose father was Trien More, the fourth lineal descendant from Neiagadh Neacht, King of Leinster; and the mother of Fionn was Muirn Munchaombh, the daughter of Thady, the son of Nuagatt, an eminent Druid, retained in the family of Cathaoir More. Almhuin, in the Province of Leinster, was the native country and inheritance of Thady, upon which account Fionn obtained possession of Almhuin, in right of his mother, and was invested with the country of Formaoilna Bhfian, in Cinsaellach, where Limerick in Leinster now stands, by the donation of the King of Leinster.

Fionn married a daughter, and flourished in the reign of Cormac Ulfadha, (son of Art, son of Conn Caed Chattach, the renowned hero of the hundred battles,) who came to the throne A. D. 213, and died Anno 253. From Fionn, the established militia of the kingdom were called Fiana Eirionn.

In some of the records which treat of the Fiana Eirionn, it is asserted that they were a body of men so strong, and so tall of stature, as is really incredible; but the truth is, though they were a brave and undaunted number of troops, yet the size of those persons did not exceed the common proportion of the times. They were no more than a standing and well-disciplined army, under the monarchs of Ireland, in whose hands the militia ever was, to defend the country against foreign and domestic enemies, to support the right and succession of their kings, to guard the sea coasts, and to have a strict eye upon the creeks and havens of the island, lest any pirates should be lurking there to plunder the country, which they were to defend from all invasion, to support the rights and prerogatives of the crown, and to secure the liberty and the property of the people.

It is generally supposed, by the lower orders of the illiterate Irish peasantry, that Fionn M'Cumhall was a man of gigantic stature, and that it was from his Herculean

mould and extraordinary prowess he was chosen to command this matchless body of troops; but this is an erroneous idea: it does not appear that he exceeded the common proportions of the men of his time, and there were many soldiers in the militia of Ireland that had a more robust constitution of body, and were of a more extraordinary stature. The reasons why he was chosen to fill this exalted station were, because his father and grandfather enjoyed the same dignity before him, but more especially because he was a person of superior courage, of great learning and military experience, which accomplishments advanced him in the esteem of the soldiery, who thought him worthy to lead them.—(Keating's History of Ireland, vol. i. from page 319 to 369.)

The Scots claim Fionn and his son Ossian as their countrymen, and would fain show from the poems of the latter, as translated by Macpherson, and the observations of Hugh Campbell, Esq., F.A.S., Ed., who seems to have taken great pains in tracing their origin, that they were Scots by birth, and that our renowned champion Fionn M'Cumhall, was Fingal, King of Morven, in Argyleshire.

The above-mentioned Mr. Campbell, in his edition of Ossian's Poems, accounts for the cause of the frequent descents of Fingal and Ossian into Ulster, and the bloody battles they fought there from time to time, in the follow-

ing Note:—"The Prince, or King of Ulster, of the family of O'Neill, being hard pressed by the colony called the Belgæ, which had then lately settled in Connaught, invited the chief of Morven, of the race of Fergus, to send some troops to his assistance against the Belgæ. This was amicably complied with by the King of Morven; but previous to the arrival of his troops in Ireland, a battle had taken place between O'Neill and the Belgæ, in which that Prince and all his kinsmen were killed, leaving only one son, then an infant. The Pictland Scots attacked the fatigued Belgæ, and completely defeated them with great slaughter. The young Prince O'Neill being an infant, Connor, from this victory surnamed Connor the Great, assumed the protectorship of the young O'Neill's territory, and shortly after died, leaving a son named Artha, who entirely, and against the expressed will of his father, broke his faith, dispossessed the young O'Neill, and was proclaimed King by his Scots army."—(Note to Data of the Map, Ossian's Poems.)

"This usurper was uncle to Fingal, and hence the frequent descents of Fingal and Ossian on Ireland to support the claims, unjust ones, of their kinsman, against the legitimate monarch of the Milesian race, from whom the O'Neills are lineally descended."—(Appendix to Ossian's Poems.)

I have examined a great number of the records of this country, and cannot find in them any authority on which the above note could be grounded. There must be an error some where, but on whose side I shall not pretend to determine; such differences are only to be decided by the ancient records handed down to us. I shall here make a few extracts from those of our country, and leave those who read them to judge which are most entitled to credit.

The Note says, that the Prince of Ulster of the house of O'Neill, being pressed by the Belgæ, asked assistance of the "Chief of Morven, of the race of Fergus." Now, this Fergus, great grandson to Nial of the nine hostages, and brother to Mortough, then reigning monarch of Ireland, according to Usher, Lloyd, Stillingfleet, Comerford and others, was the first founder of the Scottish monarchy, which remarkable event took place in the year 503; and, according to our records, Fionn M'Cumhall flourished in the reign of Cormac Ulfadha, who came to the throne Anno 213, and died Anno 253. We hear nothing of Fionn after this reign, nor of his son Ossian after the reign of Cairbre Liffeachair, the son of Cormac, who came to the throne A.D., 254, and died, 281. Ossian headed the Fiana Eirionn, who took arms against the latter monarch in the disastrous battle of Gabhra, where Oscar, the son of

Ossian fell by the hand of Cairbre Liffeachair, the king, who was also himself slain in the above battle. Ossian was one of the few who escaped the slaughter of this tremendous day; after which, it is said, he became blind during the remainder of his life, the end of which we are not exactly informed.—(See Keating's History of Ireland.)

According to the foregoing documents, Fionn, who must have died about the year 253, and Ossian, even supposing him to have survived his father one hundred years, a thing very improbable, must have preceded Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy—the former 300, and the latter 200 years. How then could they be “of the race of Fergus.” The above Note also says that the Pictland Scots defeated the Belgæ, and that Connor, from that victory, was called Connor the Great, and assumed the protectorship of the young O'Neill. Our records are silent on this subject. The monarch handed down to us under the appellation of Connor, or Connaire the Great, came to the throne in the year of the world 3970, and died in the year 4000; and, in Anno Domini 145, Connaire, the sixth in descent from Connaire the Great, came to the throne, and died Anno 152—from this monarch are descended the Dailriads of Scotland.—(See Keating's History of Ireland.) The first of these monarchs must have lived 140, and the latter about 60 years before Fionn

M'Cumhall, and upwards of 400 years before the founding of the Scottish monarchy.

The Note so often alluded to, says, Connor the Great left a son named *Artha*, who, contrary to his father's expressed will, dispossessed the young O'Neill, and was proclaimed king by his Scots army; that this usurper was uncle to Fingal, and hence the frequent descents of Fingal and Ossian into Ireland, to support the unjust claims of their kinsman. Now Connor the Great had no son *Artha*, or *Arthur*, nor had the latter *Connaire*, but he was succeeded in the crown by *Art Aonfhir*, who was son to *Conn Caed Chattach*—(See Keating's Hist. of Ireland)—and in none of their reigns is there any circumstance on which the substance of the Note in question could be grounded.

Irish historians, long before the names of Fingal or Macpherson were heard of, give an exact account of the genealogy of our renowned hero and matchless bard. But whatever country may have given them birth, none can deny that Ireland was the scene of Fionn's mighty battles—the glories of which awoke the chords of the slumbering harp of Ossian; and that the rocks, glens, lakes, streams, and mountains of the County of Antrim echoed to his strains—as, for instance, his “*Ullin*” meant Ulster, “*Temora*, *Teamrah*, and *Cemanía*,” all alluded to one place,

which is supposed to be Connor, then the regal palace of the O'Neills. "Tura" is our Carrickfergus; "Carmona," our Carnmony; "The Heath of Lena," is that range of mountains that runs from the Cave-hill in a south-west direction, and after running as far as the western boundary of that beautiful valley through which the river Lagan flows, declines above Lough Neagh, near Crumlin; "The Misty Cromleagh" is supposed to be the Cave-hill itself; "The Reedy Lego," the river Lagan; "The Lake of Roes," Lough Neagh; "Labar's Gleaming Stream," the Six-mile Water; and the little streamlet, now known by the name of the Kells Water, near whose banks the Marquis of Donegall has erected the beautiful villa, called Fisherwick Lodge, was Ossian's "Lavath, rolling through the still vale of Deer."—(Data of the Map—Ossian's Poems.)

That our renowned hero and matchless bard were Irishmen, we can have very little doubt, if we believe our native historians, some of whom are as well entitled to belief as any other country's chroniclers who write on subjects connected with so dark and so distant a period, and none more to be credited than the pious and learned Doctor Keating, to whom I am indebted for almost all the information on the subject of this note.



## NOTE 5, PAGE 94, STANZA XIV.

*Majestic mount—whose beauty, size and shape,  
Resemble the famed Table of the Cape !*

LURGEDON is said, by many who have seen them, to bear a strong resemblance to the table mountain at the Cape of Good Hope : but I believe my love for it can only account for the poetic license I have taken, in making it equal to the table mountain in size, as I have been informed that it is scarcely more than a miniature of its prototype.

## NOTE 6, PAGE 97, STANZA XX.

*And thought I heard the hermit's angry prayer,  
That nought should live that ever enter'd there.*

It is a very remarkable circumstance, and a positive fact, that there are no fish in any of the rivers in the parish of Ardclinus, which extends along the Shore in a narrow stripe, from the village of Carnalough up one side of Glenariff. This is attributed to many causes ; and in this, as in almost all other similar and extraordinary instances, the lower classes of my countrymen, who possess a fertile imagination to a very considerable degree, are ever ready, with some marvellous or monkish tale, to account for the strangest and most uncommon circumstances. They

therefore account for this phenomenon by the following legend :—

A hermit, who resided in a cell of an old monastery, (the remains of which are still to be seen in the middle of an old burying ground, between Ardclinns Bridge and the point of Garron, close to the sea shore,) was in the daily habit of wandering by these mountain streams in the exercise of his devotions, which were frequently disturbed by boys who resorted there to fish; this was a constant source of annoyance to the anchorite, who, in order to get rid of it, and enjoy the luxury of his solitude, at length cursed all the rivers in the parish, and the effect was, that no fish have ever since been seen in any of them. This I heard from many of the people, who believe it implicitly. Others think it owing to the waters being strongly impregnated with mineral substances, destructive to animal life. But I believe the chief cause arises from the beds of these streams being very precipitous, abounding with steep and perpendicular falls, which present impassible barriers to the fish getting up, and in summer their being perfectly dry.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 97, STANZA XXI.

*Here it rolls on its wild impetuous course,  
'Till check'd a moment by proud Esna's head.*

THIS waterfall, which is known by the name of Esna Croube, which means the "Crooked Leap," is not the first check the river meets in its course from the mountains; it is the first, however, the explorers of the beauties of Glenarriff meet after leaving the road, going up the left branch of the river. There are many others also higher up the river, each possessing its own peculiar beauty, but Esna Croube is by far the most picturesque and beautiful of them all. There is one at the extreme end of the glen, over which the river tumbles from the mountains; and from the savage grandeur that characterizes it, and the contrast it forms to its lower and more highly favoured neighbours, but particularly if viewed in a mountain torrent, cannot fail to strike its beholders with awe and delight, with its wild and rude magnificence.

I have seen precipitated over its height, (which is about eighty feet,) upwards of sixty hogsheads of water in a minute. I have also viewed it under two other influences, frost and drought, which I have attempted to describe in the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th Stanzas of this Canto.

The whole of this glen is magnificent; but all above the upper bridge, (the townland is called Clough Corr, the property of Conway Dobbs, Esq.,) presents a scene truly romantic and beautiful.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 101, STANZA XXIX.

*O'er beds of jasper, porphyry, whin and loam.*

THROUGH different parts of this country rich veins of porphyry are to be found. The mountain of Lurgedon is based on a bed of the same beautiful material, of various colours. The Ballyemon river, in many places, runs over beds of porphyry, between a reddish and a purplish colour; and in the romantic vale of Glenarriff, porphyry is to be met with containing veins of jasper. The beautiful bathing lodge of the Honourable Major-General O'Neill, at Cushendun, stands on a bed of mica slate, beautifully diversified with rich veins of dark red porphyry, strongly mixed with jasper, and other curious and brilliant specimens of crystallization.

## NOTE 9, PAGE 105, STANZA XXXVI.

*The crimson flag that floated on the wall  
Of Redbay's high and castellated steep.*

THE castle of Redbay, whose ruins now present very little to interest the traveller, at one time was a garrison of considerable strength; it was built by order of Queen Elizabeth, to keep some of the clans, particularly the Macaulay's of the Glens, in check, who often set her authority at defiance. It was commanded at one time by an ancestor of the Reverend Alexander Macaulay of Glenville, who was a Major in Charles the Second's army.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 124, STANZA LXXV.

*His lambs are loosed to gambol at their will.*

KIRKE called the soldiers of his regiment "*His Lambs*."

## NOTE 11, PAGE 124, STANZA LXXV.

*But living infamy hangs on his name.*

It may be supposed that I have overstrained the character of this inhuman and execrable monster, Colonel Kirke, who, as it is said by oral history, presided at a massacre

in Glenarriff little inferior to that of Glenco. But the cruelties he exercised upon his wretched victims at the suppression of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, in the reign of James the Second, as recorded by Hume, (a few of which I shall insert here,) will serve to show that I have not blackened him more than he deserved:—

“ This victory, obtained by the King in the commencement of his reign, would naturally, had it been managed with prudence, have tended much to increase his power and authority. But by reason of the cruelty with which it was prosecuted, and the temerity with which it afterwards inspired him, it was a principal cause of his sudden ruin and downfall. Such arbitrary principles had the Court instilled into all its servants, that Feversham, immediately after the victory, hanged above twenty prisoners, and was proceeding in his executions, when the Bishop of Bath and Wells warned him that these unhappy men were now by law entitled to a trial, and that their execution would be deemed a real murder. This remonstrance, however, did not stop the savage nature of Colonel Kirke, a soldier of fortune, who had served a long time at Tangiers, and had contracted, from his intercourse with the Moors, an inhumanity less known in European and in free countries. At his first entry into Bridgewater, he hanged

nineteen prisoners, without the least inquiry into the merits of their cause.

“As if to make sport with death, he ordered a certain number to be executed while he and his company should drink the King's health or the Queen's, or that of Chief Justice Jefferies. Observing their feet to quiver in the agonies of death, he cried that he would give them music to their dancing; and he immediately commanded the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound. By way of experiment, he ordered one man to be hung up three times, questioning him at each interval whether he repented of his crime; but the man obstinately asserting that notwithstanding the past he still would willingly engage in the same cause, Kirke ordered him to be hung in chains.

“One story commonly told of him is memorable for the treachery as well as barbarity which attended it. A young maid pleaded for the life of her brother, and flung herself at Kirke's feet, armed with all the charms which beauty and innocence, bathed in tears, could bestow upon her. The tyrant was inflamed with desire, not softened into love or clemency. He promised to grant her request, provided that she, in her turn, would be equally compliant to him. The maid yielded to the conditions: but after

she had passed the night with him, the wanton savage, next morning, showed her from the window her brother, the darling object for whom she had sacrificed her virtue, hanging on a gibbet which he had secretly ordered to be there erected for the execution. Rage and despair and indignation took possession of her mind, and deprived her for ever of her senses.

“ All the inhabitants of that country, innocent as well as guilty, were exposed to the ravages of this barbarian. The soldiery were let loose to live at free quarters; and his own regiment, instructed by his example, and encouraged by his exhortations, distinguished themselves in a particular manner by their outrages. By way of pleasantry, he used to call them his *lambs*; an appellation which was long remembered with horror in the West of England.”—  
(History of England.)

NOTE 12, PAGE 127, STANZA LXXXI.

*E'en the rude soldiers dropp'd a pitying tear,  
At the destruction that abounded here.*

I THINK the probability is, that Kirke's lambs were too depraved to betray such symptoms of humanity as to drop a pitying tear, although humanity is the characteristic of a *soldier*, and particularly a British one; the idea, how-

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ever, was suggested to me by Hume's telling us that the night of the massacre of Glenco, Macdonald's sons, who had suspected some treachery from seeing the guards doubled, went forth privately to make further observations, and overheard the common soldiers say "they liked not the work; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the Glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cold blood, but that their officers were answerable for the treachery."—(History of England.)

NOTE 13, PAGE 128, STANZA LXXXII.



*A fiend he seem'd of that infernal brood,  
From Fury sprung, and Pain, and nurs'd in blood.*

"The monster War, with her infernal brood,  
Loud yelling Fury and life-ending Pain,  
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul."

*Tragedy of Douglas.*

